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JUNE, 1910
VOL. XI. NO. 112

THE THEATRE

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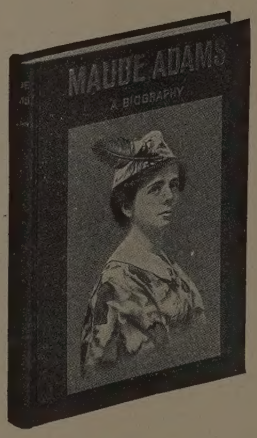

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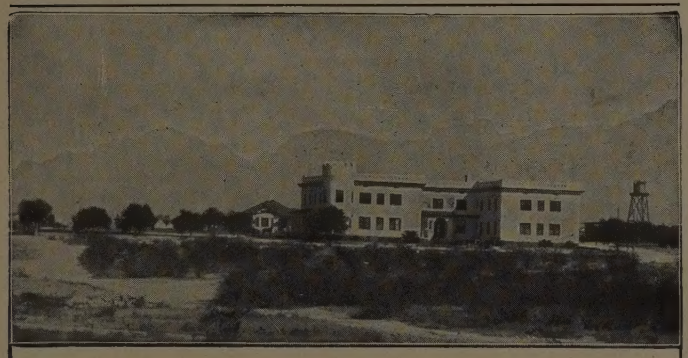

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HAINES BROS. PIANO

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XI JUNE, 1910 No. 112

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Mrs. Ralston (Florence Roberts) James Ralston (Wilton Lackaye)
Act I. Mr. Ralston tries to reassure his wife
SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "JIM THE PENMAN" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

EMPIRE. "CASTE." Comedy in three acts by T. W. Robertson. Revived April 25 with the following cast:

Hon. George D'Alroy	Edwin Arden		
Captain Hawtree	Julian Royce		
Eccles	G. P. Huntley		
Samuel Gerridge	Graham Browne	Polly Eccles	Marie Tempest
Dixon	Edgar Franklin	Marquise de St. Maur	Maud Milton
Esther Eccles	Elsie Ferguson		

Whenever there is a revival of "Caste" there is always a critical disposition to regard it as a hardy relict of mid-Victorian theatrical composition. T. W. Robertson's epoch-marking comedy is something more than that. It is a human document presented with a rare regard for consistent dramatic and logical construction; a keen knowledge of the real emotions and a nicely balanced sense of individual portraiture. It is not stretching the hazard of the future to predict that "Caste" will find a place on the stage when many a more pretentious literary message has been relegated to the closet files. Its revival at the Empire has demonstrated the strong hold it has upon the theatre-going public. With the American demand for "names" it may be that the company now presenting it, described by Mr. Charles Frohman as "an all star cast," has been in a measure responsible for the heavy box-office draught that has followed. But "Caste" has been better acted than it is at present at the Empire, and still, it not only pleases, but it moves and enthralls. The characters are drawn with a liberal hand, but experienced players may always be relied on to make them convincingly real and potent. This happens in several cases in the current production. Superlatively comic, yet always artistic, is Marie Tempest as Polly. A born comedienne, she sweeps through the piece with an irresistible good nature that is contagious. There is nice character depth, too, to her faithful albeit vulgar sweetheart, Sam Gerridge, as rendered by Graham Browne, and G. P. Huntley brings out all the unctious humor attaching to the bibulous and garrulous Eccles. His freedom from unnecessary over-elaboration bespeaks the real artist. Edwin Arden lacks the youthful enthusiasm so associated with George D'Alroy, while Julian Royce is only conventionally effective as Capt. Hawtree.

Moffett

HENRY MILLER
Now appearing as John Belden in A. E. Thomas' comedy, "Her Husband's Wife"

HERALD SQUARE. "TILLIE'S NIGHTMARE." Musical comedy in two acts. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Book by Edgar Smith. Produced May 5. Cast:

Tillie Blobbs	Marie Dressler		
Her Mother	Lottie Uart		
Maude Blobbs	Octavia Broske		
Peroxia Snow	May Montford		
Sim Pettingill	Horace Newman		
Harvey Tinker	J. Clarence Harvey	Miss Johnson	Alleta Bridgeford
Smiley Bragg	Burrell Barbaretto	Mrs. Grouch	Lottie Uart
Harry Frost	George Gorman	Mrs. Jeffries Wolgast Rush	May Brennan
Broadway Policeman	George Gorman	Mr. Henry Peck	Carl Gordon
Metropole Bill	John E. Gorman	Bell	Carrie Poltz
A Taxi Chauffeur	Sim Pulen	Dell	Florrie Poltz
A Newsboy	Bernard Lyons	Nell	Eva Marlowe
Dorset Walkingly	Lew Quinn	Stell	Nellie Wilkie
Herman Sufferedyet	Garfield Meixner	Captain Fitzepelet	Lew Quinn
Dr. Rudolf Salve	Barry Delaney	Nip	George Gorman
Miss Thompson	Marie Fanchionette	Tuck	John E. Gorman

Tillie Blobbs is a drudge in her mother's boarding house, full of ambitions and dreams, but all submission when her mother, who is only a voice, calls off and she goes to her with her "Yes, Ma." She tells the star boarders of her ambition for city life and what she would do if she had money. She is not likely to have it from her clumsy lover. Worn out with work, she falls asleep in a chair in the dining-room and has her dream. This dream, not with entire appropriateness, furnishes to this "mixture of mirth and melody" its title of "Tillie's Nightmare." Such a designation is not entirely apt in view of the chorus girls and their doings under the direction of Mr. Ned Wayburn. But if Mr. Wayburn supplies an encyclopedia of all that is attractive in dancing, of all that he can invent or borrow, just so Miss Marie Dressler gives us everything that you may expect from her tremendous vitality, ample proportions, and farcical resources. The only thing in it that can be accounted as a nightmare to Tillie, the drudge, is an experience in seasickness on the yacht. Marie Dressler has a certain virility in her humor. Feminine enough by the natural limitations, her grip of the comic is masculine in its strength. She has a clearness of mentality that is remarkable for its precision and vigor. She is a comedienne with a style of her own. There are certain tricks that are inevitable in her acting, but she has a right to them. She will fall over a small man and utterly crush him. She can do it. Both vociferous and muscular, she goes through contortions of the most violent kind, which are amusing because they are her means of expression, and yet she does not always get her effects by main force. If she has taken too much wine and misses her support, her recovery is made with as delicate an exercise of art as may be imagined. If she falls into the sea with her lover, seated on the gunwale, she does it effectively, artistically and with a response from the audience that thinks more of her humor than it does of her exhibition as an acrobat. The nightmare or dream is a consistent story. In her dream she realizes her ambition to visit New York and there finds the man to whom she is engaged conducting a great department store and ready to share with her his great fortune. It is in the incidents that ensue that Marie Dressler gets her opportunities. Her personality and her comicalities are exclusively her own. Aside from her boisterous and acrobatic, but artistic work, the comedy is of the usual kind, with many features that please people who like that sort of thing. "The mixture of mirth and melody" contains too many details to admit of specification.

LYCEUM. "THE SPITFIRE." Melodramatic comedy by Edward Peple. Produced April 25 with this cast:

Bruce Morson	Charles Cherry	Mr. Beasley	Hayward Ginn
James Ormond	E. J. Ratcliffe	Miggs	Dudley Digges
Tracy	Daniel Collyer	Valda Girard	Ruth Maycliffe
Marcus Girard	C. D. Herman	Polly Thurman	Oza Waldrop
Joe Larris	Lincoln Plumer	Aunt Mary	Rosa Rand

Moffett Laura Hope Crews Orme Caldara Robert Warwick Grace Elliston

SCENE IN A. E. THOMAS' PLAY, "HER HUSBAND'S WIFE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

One of the most hopeful and interesting features of plays now being written by American authors is their independence of foreign models and a certain originality with material that could easily fall into conventional forms. In "The Spitfire," Mr. Peple uses a story of no particular novelty, but his treatment of it gives delicacy to the relations between its two principal characters and achieves honest sentiment combined with humor in situations that might have been handled in a weakly sentimental way. On the one hand there was danger of melodrama overshadowing the humor and sentiment, and on the other hand there was the danger of the sentiment becoming the sentimentality of the old fashioned melodrama. Certainly the story is unusual, and that which makes possible the passages between the two lovers might be called extravagantly melodramatic, but the modern possession of great wealth and the schemes of rogues to get some of it away from its owners makes the story reasonably dramatic, whereas in earlier melodrama circumstances of the kind were purely imaginary. The action may still be called melodramatic, but the melodrama, important as it is, is incidental to a love story. The melodrama is harmless, and while not edifying it is harmless and gives occasion for a comedy of love that is diverting and novel.

A young man in possession of jewels of large value has been set upon at his hotel in London and robbed of them. The thieves, three in number, in order to make good their escape with their booty, present to the captain of the yacht of an American with millions letters of introduction, with the order that he set sail at once. These letters are forged, of course. The multi-millionaire's daughter, with one of her women companions, is on board. She suspects nothing. The yacht had hardly set sail when it is halted to rescue a man who had fallen overboard from a passing tug. It is really the ruse of the man who had been robbed so that he might be taken aboard. His identity is discovered by the thieves and they contrive to make the mistress of the yacht believe that he is a dangerous character, and she consents to the captain's putting him to work in menial capacities. He is made to scrub the deck. He takes it all good-naturedly and gradually wins the sympathies of the girl, so much so that when one of the thieves, or an accomplice of them, a subaltern officer on the yacht, treats him with indignity, she gives her permission for him to resent it, which he does in the manly and effective way. The yacht is wrecked. The two young people, now fairly in love with each other, are seen cooking their breakfast on the barren New Jersey sands. After a bit of comedy, the two thieves, having in their possession the stolen jewels, are seen trying to escape from the wreck of the yacht and are held up by the young man who happens to have with him a gun. The jewels are recovered, the young man's identity and the truth of his story become known. The father appears with a rescuing party, and the action which has held our interest is at an end.

The picturesque effects on board the yacht are excellently managed, and the melodrama is incidently thrilling, while the love story, a comedy with many incidents, is wholesome and diverting. Charles Cherry, who recovers the jewels and has the good fortune of gaining the millionaire's daughter, is unconventional in his methods and emphasizes the naturalness of the love comedy, and this love comedy entitles the play to consideration. It is easy enough to get the thrilling effects of a shipwreck and to obtain melodrama by means of thunder, but it is not so easy to gain unreserved approbation on the human side of the action

White

LOUISE LE BARON

Prima donna of the Aborn Grand Opera Company, now presenting their repertoire on tour

as this excellent actor does. Miss Ruth Maycliffe is comely, agreeable and efficient. Mr. Daniel Collyer, as a comic rogue, exceedingly careful of his own safety, contributes comedy on every possible occasion. Perhaps it was very obvious comedy, but his contribution was none the less serviceable. He simply paid the expenses of his own rôle out of his own resources. This is not an unusual happening, but it is a frequent happy incident in a production. The production, somewhat out of Mr. Daniel Frohman's customary choice, shows a discretion in the means employed which elevate the play above the kind aiming at mere melodramatic effect. In the cast are Mr. E. J. Ratcliffe, Hayward Ginn, Miss Oza Waldrop, Lincoln Plumer and other efficient actors.

GARRICK. "HER HUSBAND'S WIFE." Comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas. Produced May 9 with this cast:

John Belden	Henry Miller	Emily Ladew	Grace Elliston
Richard Belden	Orme Caldara	Baroness Von Marcken	Mabel Bert
Stuart Randolph	Robert Warwick	Nora	Elinor McEwen
Mrs. Stuart Randolph	Laura Hope Crews		

It has remained for some recent writers to take an initiative of their own in farces and to introduce a reasonable degree of naturalness in an artificial form, which has heretofore been foreign to our art and in which little worth the while has been accomplished. Thus of our dramatists who have attempted farce have either sought foreign sources for their material or followed foreign models. Complications of a salacious nature were inevitable. Mr. A. E. Thomas' "Her Husband's Wife," entirely free from objectionable elements, is something of an achievement.

It is not unknown in actual life that a wife, about to die, selects her successor and enjoins her husband, with a certain sacredness of obligation, that he marry the woman of her choice. It becomes farcical when the wife, the picture of health, has conceived the idea that she is not long for this world, in proof of which is the inefficacy of the pills and powders supplied by the entire pharmacopœia. Mr. Thomas contrives to make us accept this basis for the action, and it prospers thereafter. The action is necessarily a little slow in starting, for the sincerity of the wife in believing that her doom is at hand must be established. Laura Hope Crews presently wins us over to her belief and we readily accept the whim of such a charming woman, as ripe and tempting, and sound as a cherry. All her beliefs, all her sentiments, all her jealousies are passionate and real. Her uncle cannot persuade her out of her plan of choosing a wife for her husband. She selects the plainest of her associates, a young woman who had quarreled with and broken off an engagement with her brother, and had permitted herself, in her love troubles, to become dowdy. A short while ago beautiful, she now affects plainness in attire and in the arrangement of her hair. She accepts the charge, but on reflection, after the wife has left the room, she breaks out in wrath when it occurs to her that she has been chosen because of her plainness. However, she will try her charms on the husband with the design of making her recalcitrant lover jealous. The husband affects love for the successor of his wife. The frump of a disappointed young maid takes an interest in life once more and is transformed to the beauty and a woman of fashion that she was. Grace Elliston plays this part with great spirit and naturalness, as indeed the situations in which she is placed are not really artificial. Herein lies a real charm in the farce, for it is very human and at bottom is comedy, the farce being only superficial. The obligations that arise are natural enough and the individual sentiments evoked are farcical only because they are acted out with real feeling. The wife becomes jealous and attempts to halt the affair that she has set into motion. She warns the prospective wife of her husband that he drinks, is unmanageable and is violent in temper. In the emergency she resorts to a fib. She shows a bruised arm where he has struck her. Learning of this, her brother is about to call her husband to an accounting. There is no mistaking the earnestness of the participants in these farcical complications. The recalcitrant lover is won back by her very show of her interest in the husband. Here we have comedy without sentimentality, farce of the truest kind, for the people are in earnest. The wife decides to throw her medicines away and to renounce her whim, which certainly, in its results, has been exciting enough to drive away her imaginary maladies.

Mr. Henry Miller sinks himself in the part of the uncle, whose participation in what goes on is almost purely mechanical. There is a bit of sentiment between him and an old sweetheart in that events bring them together after estrangement. The play is very fortunately cast, Laura Hope Crews playing the whimsical and

DAISY DUMONT
As Denise in "The Belle of Brittany," recently seen at Daly's Theatre

Moffett, Chicago

DONALD ROBERTSON
Who created the rôle of Beethoven in René Fauchois' play of that name at the New Theatre

Otto Sarony Co.

MILDRED HOLLAND
Seen in "A Royal Divorce" a short time ago in New York

beautiful wife. Every point is made to count by her and Miss Elliston. Robert Warwick, as the husband, and Orme Caldara, as the brother, are equal to the passionate outbursts required by the farcical situations. The play is a hopeful indication of the ability of a new author and is a relief from the banalities and meretricious lures of farces taken from the French or German and localized. It has the distinction of purity and of being wholly American.

DALY'S. "A Matinée Idol." Musical comedy in two acts. Music by Silvio Hein. Lyrics by E. Goetz and Seymour Brown. Book by Armand Barnard. Produced April 28 with this cast:

Dick Allen	Joseph Santley	Medford Griffin	Mr. Hopper
Lucy Gray	Ethel Green	Jimmie Grant	Georgie Mack
Mr. Layton	Matt Hatley	Cocher	Thomas Roberts
Nellie Wendell	Trixie Moore	Dr. Gray	George Wilson
Polly Brown	Meta Bo Mar	Marie	Anna Ford
Mrs. Burton	Louise Dresser	John	William Jackson
Dr. Allen	George Backus	Mrs. Gray	Elda Curry

The return of an actor to Broadway after wandering for two years "on the road" is regarded and heralded as an achievement. The inference is that at last he has found something worthy of our attention. The theory is that the standard of this particular public is so high that plays must be tried out before being presented to the high intelligence of city people. Perhaps this is wise. At all events, our measure has been well taken with "A Matinée Idol." We laugh; we applaud our old friend of happy memory, for we have once more his aggressively humorous personality in many aspects, with contributory accessories in other agreeable personalities mainly in song and dance, all to the one end of amusing us. "A Matinée Idol," it hardly need be said, has nothing to do with matinées or idols. The basis of the story of the play is a slight piece by Molière in which one becomes a doctor, for the occasion only, in spite of himself. Incidently Mr. Hopper, the scene being on the coast of Normandy, describes a race to a woman ignorant of the terms of the race-track, with very amusing results. With Miss Dresser he also gives an amusing burlesque of the harrowing scene between Madame X and her son. He sings a topical song filled with the nonsense of the hour; and at the end of the first act he dances a hypnotic dance with the entire company. The opera has glitter and color enough to give occasional opportunities for Mr. Hopper to rest in his jesting. Miss Dresser is an attractive person, and it is not without reason that she should, with the assistance of a chorus, awaken sentiment with a tuneful song, "Under the Yum-Yum Tree." Among other appropriate songs are "Let Me Build a Nest for You," "She's the Only Girl for Me," "Little Lady in the Moon" and "I Will Always Love You Dear." Miss Green, Mr. Mack, Miss Ford and Mr. Santley, and others helped to fill out an evening for the man who doesn't want to think. Musical comedy has its uses when it can bring back to Broadway one of its popular jesters long exiled for the lack of a play. Musical comedy encompasses all the odds and ends of folly, entertains its votaries, and keeps open our theatres which are building every day.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE. "Lulu's Husbands." Farce adapted from the French by Thompson Buchanan. Produced April 14 with this cast:

Lulu Rogers	Mabel Barrison	Justice Jackson	Riley Chamberlin
Mrs. Billings	Louise Closser Hale	Officer McAuliffe	Thomas Delmar
Mrs. M. Morrison	Fanchon Campbell	Officer Hennessey	George le Soir
Agnes	Sophie Tucker	Officer O'Flynn	H. S. Sargent
Miss Collamore	Mary Mallon	A. Lyre	Ralph Dean
Dr. Herbert Morrison	Harry Conor	James	Frank T. Daniels
Albert Schwartz	Robert Dempster	Charley	Harry Sargeant
Algernon Brown	Edward Heron		

With several superstitious husbands in pursuit of her, Mabel Barrison is at home. In "Lulu's Husbands" she is somebody's wife in constantly changing circumstances. She is desired and desirable and always elusive. The complications of the farce are amusing enough, but it is the charm of a woman who is not beautiful that holds, the overwhelming suggestive grace of a creature who cannot dance, but whose restraint is a kind of abandonment, a feminine voice with a music of its own without regard to academic notes, a hoyden who is a perfect lady, the picture of demure innocence while she plays her pipes and lures. The dramatist sets her going when he has the advance agent of an actress arrange to have her agree to meet a man advertising for a wife, to go through the marriage ceremony and then to disappear. She appears veiled and gives the speculator in marriage the picture of a friend as the bride. This leads to the complications. The married woman whose picture has been given out is followed by the advertising husband, and as she has attempted an elopement she

(*Continued on page viii*)

CHICAGO AS A PRODUCING CENTRE

Some Recent Plays Which Have Scored Hits

Photos Moffett

JOHN WESTLEY
As Coventry Petmore in "The Upstart"

FRANK GILLMORE AND CHARLOTTE IVES
As the clergyman and as the wife

CHARLOTTE IVES
As Beatrice in "The Upstart"

CHARACTERS AND SCENE IN "THE UPSTART," NOW RUNNING AT THE ZIEGFELD THEATRE, CHICAGO

THE rapid strides made by Chicago in the past two seasons as a producing centre of first-class importance, and her continued growth along that line places the city in a position to challenge the boast of New York as *the* theatrical metropolis of the western hemisphere. The hallmark of a successful New York première is no longer indispensable. Astute managers have discovered the extraordinary possibilities of the Garden city inasmuch as she commands the Mid-west, the West and the South, and leads the entire country west of Pittsburg, where her verdict is law. They have also discovered that Chicago ideals are incorruptible, that Chicago taste is a cultivated one, and that a play which meets the approval of the Chicago public will pass muster anywhere. Consider the cachet of merit given such sterling plays as "The Man from Home," "Madame X," "Alias Jimmy Valentine"; of the long runs and successful business of "Mother," "The Upstart," "Miss Patsy," "The Melting Pot," "A Certain Party," "Her Husband's Wife," "The Echo," "Mme. Sherry," "My Cinderella Girl," several of which Broadway has scarcely yet even heard. Chicago's first-class theatres are the place of continued activity for new productions throughout the entire year. Never before in the history of western theatricals has there been such an enormous demand for time. Those leading with drama are the Studebaker, the Garrick, the Lyric, the Grand Opera House, the Chicago Opera House, the Illinois, Powers', the Blackstone (to open in October), the Olympic, McVicker's, the Ziegfeld, while the Colonial, the Whitney, the Cort and the Princess are strictly musical comedy houses. Many big hits are forced to leave either for the road, or for New York because regular bookings drive them out. On the other hand, managers who were wont to utilize Chicago as a "dog town," preparatory to a New York première have discovered that while a Chicago verdict is safe, they lose a tremendous amount of business by negotiating for only limited periods of time. In fact, the watchword of Chicago theatricals is now, "an indefinite run." With the first performance of the Chicago Grand Opera Company next November, with a company unparalleled in the American history of grand opera, including Tetrazzini, Melba, Mary Garden, Eames, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Marguerite Sylva, Gadski, Bassi, Zerola, Dalmores, McCormack, Dufranne, Sammarco and twenty other lesser artists, Chicago will unquestionably rank as a theatrical metropolis next to none in America.

Moffett

JAMES LACKAYE
Who has made a hit in the character of the Judge in Tom Barry's new play, "The Upstart"

"The Upstart," a farce comedy in three acts by Tom Barry, was presented at the Ziegfeld Theatre, Chicago, April 11, for the first time, and scored an immediate hit. It is clean, sweet, breezy comedy, built with skill, rippling with such fun, and scintillating with such brilliant, sane philosophic truths that audience and critics united in asserting generally that the star of a new Bernard Shaw had risen. "Unique, dashing, uproariously funny, wholesome, fragrant, brilliant, literary, satirical, dynamic as dynamite" are a few of the epithets attributed to this clever comedy by the writers of the daily press. Its appeal is of a high order, and combines with freshness of idea an irresistible wit. Seven persons are engaged in unfolding its plot, the action of which takes place within a period of twenty-four hours in the living room of the home of a young parson at Elwood, N. J.

The young Rev. Mr. Mitchell has old-fashioned ideas about dignity in the marriage relation. Familiarity, he maintains, breeds contempt among the married, and he exercises toward his gentle, lovely girl-

ish wife the unbending superiority of an unsympathetic teacher toward an affectionate child who craves attention. The result is the beginning of estrangement. Coventry Petmore, the upstart, a youngster with revolutionary notions about marriage, comes to the household. He attributes the cause of marital restlessness primarily to selfishness, and secondarily to the ease of procuring a divorce. He attacks the very household in which he is a guest, asserting that Mitchell, the minister, and Mitchell's father, a divorce lawyer, with their continual business of tying and untying matrimonial knots are themselves the very pivotal centre of all the scandal and marital uneasiness in the village. His views are met with laughter and contempt, although in the midst of his violent outbursts of anger against existing conditions, all that he really says is "unselfishness will cure the cancer." To his delight the young wife of Mitchell, tired of her husband's pompous superiority, his egotism and vanity, decides to elope with the chauffeur. It is a moment of exquisite victory for the upstart. Right in the minister's midst selfishness is getting in its deadly work. Petmore urges the young wife not to sneak away in the dark, however, but to tell the truth and go in the sunlight. The eloping couple are caught and brought back. It is a test for the young minister. If only he had had the good sense to practice the philosophy of the upstart and had unselfishly urged his wife to go and seek happiness with the chauffeur, she would have been so overwhelmed by this sudden exhibition of disinterested self-sacrifice that she would have returned to his arms. But his selfishness becomes more obnoxious than ever. The chauffeur, too, on being brought back and learning from the upstart that the right thing for him to have done in case the husband had practiced unselfishness, was to have exercised the same unselfishness himself and to have given the erring wife back to her husband, becomes so disgusted with this extraordinary theory that he turns on his heel and leaves. The minister then comes to his senses, admits selfishness, egotism, vanity, begs his wife's forgiveness, casts aside his own notions about frigid dignity, and clasps his astonished but willing wife in his arms, with the result that the upstart, having proven the soundness of his theory, becomes a hero and a prophet.

Lawrence Co., Chicago

Act III. Lina Abarbanell and Jack Gardner singing "Housekeeping Pantomime"

SCENE IN "MADAME SHERRY" AT THE COLONIAL THEATRE, CHICAGO

The rich, breezy, humorous rôle of the boy fanatic is created by John Westley, while the remainder of the cast includes Frank Gillmore as the parson, James Lackaye as the divorce lawyer, Ralph Stuart as the Irish chauffeur, Charlotte Ives as the wife, and Walter S. Howard and Katherine La Salle in minor rôles.

"Madame Sherry," a French vaudeville in three acts by Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoschna, produced at the Colonial Theatre April 11, under the personal supervision of Geo. W. Lederer, is destined to a lengthy career, unless all signs fail. For those unacquainted with the meaning of the term, French vaudeville is a farce whose action is developed as sanely, consistently and smoothly as possible through the medium of lyrics. A group of singing comedians headed by Lina Abarbanell, and including Ralph C. Herz, Jack Gardner, and Elizabeth M. Murray, keep the complications entangled for two hours and a half of pleasant entertainment, characterized for the most part by an alluring surface flow of light music of the seductive waltz variety, some moments of genuinely humorous comedy, interpolations of vaudeville at convenient spots, handsome costumes and appropriate setting.

The action takes place in the studio of one Edward Sherry, a man about town, and on board the yacht of his millionaire uncle, Theophilus Sherry. The Madame Sherry of the title is merely a pretense. The festive young Sherry has hoodwinked his unsuspecting and unsophisticated old uncle into the belief that he has a wife and children. The greater the number of fictitious domestic encumbrances he takes on, the larger his allowance. He thus lives happily in blessed bachelorhood, flirting with a stage dancer until the arrival upon the scene of his uncle with a daughter in tow, fresh from a convent. In the excitement of this unexpected visit, young Sherry pretends that his Irish housekeeper is his wife, and that the dancer and a youth

Lawrence Co., Chicago Marie Dainton Ralph C. Herz Lina Abarbanell Jack Gardner Frances Demarest Carl Martens Elizabeth Murray Ignacio Martinetti
Act III. On the after-deck of the yacht "Yvonne"
SCENE IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY "MADAME SHERRY," WHICH HAS MADE A HIT AT THE COLONIAL THEATRE, CHICAGO

who is a rival admirer in her affections are his children. A French husband for the Irish housekeeper adds to the entanglement. The action being carried to the salon and after-deck of the millionaire's yacht assumes amusing complications, and is finally unwound by young Sherry himself when he finds himself in love with his little cousin.

Lina Abarbanell, starred as the central figure of the piece in the guise of a shy, winsome convent girl, sings in delightful voice and moves about the stage with enchanting grace. Elizabeth M. Murray enacts the rôle of the Irish housekeeper, and with a song called "Dublin Rag" makes the best of a good opportunity. Ralph C. Herz presents the millionaire uncle with a penchant for Greek antiquities, Jack Gardner is young Edward Sherry, Ignacio Martinetti is the husband of the housekeeper, and Frances Demarest presents the rôle of Sherry's dancing inamorata.

The scene on the after-deck of the yacht, with a view of New York Bay, is particularly real and pleasing, and the action is interrupted here for the interpolation of an impromptu vaudeville entertainment within an entertainment, as it were, in which Marie Dainton appears in imitations, Ralph C. Herz in a topical song, and Elizabeth M. Murray in character songs. A small and well-trained chorus completes the ensemble.

After many trials and tribulations attendant upon the opening, March 26, at the Whitney Opera House, William Norris has built up "My Cinderella Girl" into a popular success. Constructed as a farce, in three acts, by Richard Walton Tully and Robert N. Baker, it unfolds the love romance and youthful pranks of one Tom Harrington, captain of the baseball team of a mythical institution, known as Siwash College. Redolent somewhat of the manner of development of other so-called college comedies, it goes one step further, however, in amusing complications, excitement, nonsense and college atmosphere. William Norris is starring himself as the irrepressible, quick-witted undergraduate crack baseball player, while baseball and college atmosphere fairly permeates the entire auditorium of the little theatre with waving college banners and a corps of ushers, garbed in white canvas field regalia.

White Maurice Cass Ogden Stevens Myra Brooks William Norris Frank Wunderlee
Act II. Room in Mrs. Pinney's Inn
SCENE IN "MY CINDERELLA GIRL," PLAYING IN CHICAGO

The action takes place at Mrs. Pinney's college inn, a typical college boarding house, and in the dressing-room of the nine, just off the athletic field of Siwash. Harrington's father objects to athletic prowess in the form of baseball as a waste of time which might be more profitably spent in the pursuit of an education. He appears as a visitor at Siwash on the very day in which the nine is scheduled to face the redoubtable team of the rival Piute College. Forbidden by the faculty to attend a dance outside the campus, Tom had

(*Continued on page vii*)

Colonial Theatres

IT was the young bloods with the love of adventure and conquest in their veins that settled the Southern colonies, and, when they found the new land a goodly one, and to their liking, they sent home for their luxuries, and introduced their pastimes. It is only natural, then, that we should find our amusements beginning in that particular section of the country, for in the North the stern-ruling Puritans had sought new homes to escape the temptation and contamination of the current frivolities.

The "gentlemen's sons" of the South had frequented the theatres of London and the Continent, had attended "command" performances at the royal palace, and had, most likely, assisted in the popular masques and revels of the day, so we are prepared to find that it was by their encouragement that the first theatrical company was brought to this country, and that the first theatre in America was built in Williamsburg, Va., in the year 1716.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Williamsburg had been settled a hundred years. William and Mary College, with its corps of professors and nearly a hundred students, was a flourishing institution. The governor, living in royal state, and surrounded by a polished and brilliant circle, made Williamsburg the social centre of the colony. "They live," remarks one old diarist, "in the same neat manner, dress after the same modes, and behave themselves exactly as the gentry in London," and another writes that "The planters, leading easy lives, do not much admire labor or any great exercise except horse racing, nor diversion more than the mountebanks at the playhouse."

The first company was probably a heterogeneous one, as little mention can be found of it, except as individuals. But, in 1752, there sailed on the "Charming Sally," a company sent by William Hallam, manager of the Theatre of Goodman's Fields, spoken of as "of considerable strength, both in numbers and talent, with a good stock of plays." The company landed at Yorktown, Va., going at once to Williamsburg, where an old journal tells us they "altered the old playhouse into a regular theatre for the reception of ladies and gentlemen."

MARMION STONE
Minnesota girl now appearing with Jefferson de Angelis in "The Beauty Spot"

The first play given by this company was "The Merchant of Venice," September 5, 1752. Young Lewis Hallam, afterwards the popular idol of the country, appeared at the first performance in the rôle of a servant to Portia. Only twelve years old, he became so overcome by stage-fright on his entrance that his one line slipped from his memory, and becoming panic-stricken, he fled from the stage in tears.

The playhouse was a rude affair, fashioned of unplaned wood, and lighted by flickering candles. The scenery was primitive, usually one or two crude sets, if the company was so fortunate as to possess an actor who could daub color on canvas, and aided with placards bearing the legends, "This is a tree," "This is a palace," etc. But what the playhouse lacked was more than made up by the audience. My lord and lady came in berlin or chaise, very brave in silks and satins, attended by a retinue of servants, and heralded by the flare of torch and blare of trumpet. The old playbills of the period have the notice, "Gentlemenne and Laydies are desired to come bye sixe oclock, we being determined to keepe to our houre, as it would bee a greate inconvenience to have themm kept out late."

In 1780, we find the Chevalier Quesnay at Richmond, Va., attempting to establish a second French Academy. The Chevalier was a man of talent and accomplishments, and was so serious in his purpose that he had laid out extensive grounds, known as Academy Square, on which he erected a large wooden edifice, planned as the future home of the Academy of Fine Arts. Quesnay then went to Paris to solicit the sanction of the French Academy. This enterprise, ambitious and praiseworthy though it was, failed, and no record is given for its failure by the chroniclers of the time. Shortly after the collapse of the scheme, the Academy was remodeled by West and Bignal, two English actors, and used as a theatre.

The first playhouse built in Richmond, exclusively for theatrical purposes, was erected in Theatre Square in 1786. This theatre shortly afterwards was used by the convention that met to ratify the Constitution of the United States, and within its walls Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, James Madison, James Monroe, and many other famous Virginians of the period spoke for and against the political issues of their time.

In those days, the program for an evening's entertainment consisted not of one play, but of two, or oftenest three. For example, on the evening when "The Rivals" was presented we find also performed a three-act farce, "Fortune's Frolic, or The True Use of Riches," and a pantomime ballet.

Nor was the proverbial poverty of actors wanting at the time. An incident is related of West, one of the actors at Richmond, that he was arrested for debt, and prevented from going to the

theatre. He sent to the magistrate for bail, in order that he might appear in his rôle. The old squire looked over the bill, which was for costumes, and exclaimed: "Six pair of leather breeches! Bless me, what manner of man is an actor. How many legs has the fellow got?"

On the night of December 26, 1811, occurred the terrible fire at the Richmond Theatre, in which seventy-two people lost their lives, and two hundred others were badly injured. The performance was a benefit for one of the actors, and Richmond society, imbued with the Christmas spirit, had determined to make it a social occasion and a financial success. The governor and his official staff, and a number of the leading citizens of the city, occupied the boxes, while the theatre was crowded with an unusually distinguished audience. Of those in the boxes, scarcely one escaped. The editor of the Richmond *Standard* published the next day the following exceedingly quaint and pitiful account of the catastrophe:

"Last night the playhouse in this city was crowded with an unusual audience. There could not have been less than six hundred persons in the house. Just before the conclusion of the play, the scenery caught fire, and in a few minutes the whole building was wrapped in flames. The editor of this paper was in the house when the ever-to-be-remembered deplorable accident occurred. * * * The flames spread with almost the rapidity of lightning, and the fire falling from the ceiling upon the performer was the first notice the audience had of their danger. The performers and their attendants in vain endeavored to tear down the scenery; the fire flashed in every part of the house with a rapidity horrible and astonishing; and, alas! gushing tears and unspeakable anguish deprived me of utterance. No person who was not present can form any idea of this unexampled scene of distress. The editor, having none of his family with him, and not being far from the door, was among the first who escaped. No words can express his horror when, upon turning round, he discovered the whole building in flames. There was but one door through which the audience could pass. Men, women and children were pressing upon each other, while the flames were seizing upon those behind. The editor went to the different windows, which were very high, and implored his fellow creatures to save their lives by jumping out of them. Those nearest the windows were afraid to leap down, while those behind were seen catching on fire, and writhing in the greatest agony. Urged by their agony and the pressing flames, they forced those who were nearest out of the windows, and then people of every description began to fall, one upon another, with their clothes on fire, some dead, some half roasted. Oh, wretched me! Oh, afflicted people! Would to God I could have died a thousand deaths in any shape, could individual suffering have purchased the safety of my friends, my benefactors, of those whom I loved! * * * The editor, with the assistance of others, caught several of those whose clothes were on fire, as they sprang from the windows. One lady jumped out, a blaze of flame. He tore her clothes from her, stripped her of her last rags, and, protecting her nakedness with his coat, carried her from the fire. * * * The people were seen wringing their hands, beating their heads and breasts; and those that had secured themselves seemed to suffer greater torments than those enveloped in the flames.

"Oh! distracting memory! Who that saw this can think of it again and yet retain his senses! Do I dream? No, no! Oh, that it were but a dream! My God! Who that saw his friends and nearest connections devoured by fire, and laying in heaps at the door, will not regret that he lived to see the sight? Could savages have seen this memorable sight it would even soften their stony hearts!

"A sad gloom pervades the place, and every countenance is cast down to the earth. The loss of a hundred thousand friends on the field of battle could not touch the heart like this. Enough. Imagine what cannot be described. The most distant and implacable enemy, and the most savage barbarians, will mourn our unhappy lot! * * *"

It was several years later before the city would issue a permit for a new theatre to be built, so deeply was the entire community affected by the terrible calamity which had overtaken it.

Performances were sometimes held in the Market house and in Quarrier coach shop. On the site of the former theatre was erected a church, now known as the Monumental Episcopal Church, and at its entrance stands a sealed vault containing the

Sarony

A NEW PORTRAIT OF VIOLA ALLEN
Who is now touring Canada in "The White Sister"

Scenes in the Revival of "Caste" at the Empire Theatre

Copyright Charles Frohman Eccles (G. P. Huntley) Esther Eccles (Elsie Ferguson) Polly Eccles (Marie Tempest) Hon. George D'Alroy (Edwin Arden)

ACT I. ECCLES COMES HOME INTOXICATED

Samuel Gerridge (Graham Browne) Marquise de St. Maur (Maude Milton) Eccles (G. P. Huntley) Esther Eccles (Elsie Ferguson) Polly Eccles (Marie Tempest)

ACT III. ESTHER: "HOW DARE YOU INTERFERE IN MY AFFAIRS?"

ashes of the victims of the fire, whose names are inscribed on a monument rising above the vault.

Among the players composing the company performing at the Richmond Theatre on that fateful night was Mrs. Poe, mother of Edgar Allan Poe. The frail little actress was then in the last stages of consumption, and on the evening of December 26th was too ill to assume her rôle. Had she gone, she would in all probability have followed her custom of taking with her the pretty two-year-old boy, who would doubtless have perished in the fire, and the genius of Edgar Allan Poe would have been lost to the world.

Sarony

BILLIE BURKE IN "MRS. DOT"

About ten years later another theatre, also known as the Richmond, was built farther up town, and the tragedy being less fresh in the minds and hearts of the people, large audiences greeted the appearance of such men as Junius Brutus Booth, Edmund Kean and Joseph Jefferson.

VIRGINIA CHURCH.

Tommaso Salvini's First Tour of America

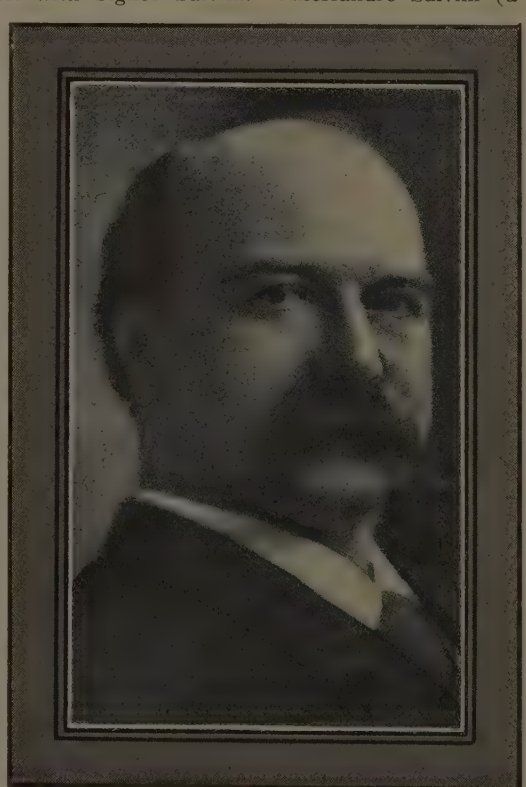
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN rarely praised other players, but when she did set the seal of approval on the efforts of a confrère, her words echoed round the world. Therefore, when the greatest Lady Macbeth of all time pronounced the Othello of Tommaso Salvini "the greatest piece of individual acting the world ever saw," and when it is recalled that the illustrious Italian was presented in this country in the season of 1873-74 almost solely on the Cushman indorsement, some idea may be obtained of the value placed upon so definite and authoritative an utterance.

Maurice Grau, who had put his profits of the Anton Rubinstein tour into the Salvini enterprise, was at that time a young and ambitious impresario of 23. He had succeeded his uncle, Jacob Grau, who had met with an accident in Vienna and inherited his contracts, among which was the contract with Signor Salvini.

Tommaso Salvini's Othello was indeed worthy of all possible praise. On the nights when the tragedian was seen as the Moor it was almost impossible to obtain seats, which cost three dollars apiece. Yet when the actor appeared as Hamlet or Romeo, or even in his superb, or shall I say sublime? rendition of Conrad in "La Morte Civile" empty benches greeted the distinguished foreigner, who received no fixed honorarium on his first American tour, but furnished his company and paraphernalia for 50 per cent. of the gross receipts. Salvini's refusal to play "Othello" more than once a week (out of the four representations he gave weekly) was purely arbitrary, and, of course, directly opposed to the wish of his manager, since $2,900 for "Othello" on a Monday evening and $269 for "Samson" on a Wednesday was not uncommon.

When my brother remonstrated with the great Italian, who was quite as ferocious off the stage as when portraying the Moor, Salvini would defend his position by pointing to his Othello costume. He exclaimed that he could not possibly wear that costume again for four days, insisting that it was a physical impossibility for him to give a portrayal worthy of his artistic standard within five days of a previous one. In after years, even after the dignity of an Italian supporting company was discarded, and when his own high artistic notions had been somewhat modified to suit modern conditions, he still clung to his rule of four performances weekly, a procedure which made profit impossible, although in his last two tours it was possible for American audiences to see him twice in one week as Othello.

Salvini's Italian supporting company was, without question, the worst collection of incompetent players New York had ever seen. Signora Piamonti, the leading woman, who appeared as Desdemona, was alone worthy of the great star. The Iago of Allessandro Salvini (a brother of Tommaso) was so bad that only the knowledge of his relationship with the star permitted him to be tolerated. Some critics hinted that Salvini purposely brought over an inferior company in order that his own towering strength should dominate, and it was difficult indeed to otherwise account for the Iago of his brother.



TOMMASO SALVINI
As he looked at the time of his first visit to America

Toward the end of the first tour, when the financial outlook was most threatening—due to the star's refusal to play "Othello" more frequently—Salvini presented almost unannounced his masterful conception of the rôle of David Garrick. This proved a tremendous drawing card, and indeed resulted in the largest audiences of his tour, making it possible for Maurice Grau to end the season without loss. Salvini claimed that his own losses were in excess of $50,000. He left our shores bitterly denouncing American audiences, and sorely disappointed at the results of the tour which he had been tempted to make because of the great success achieved by Adelaide Ristori, whose first visit to the United States netted her $150,000.

ROBERT GRAU.

The Most Representative of Living French Actors

WHEN Coquelin, the elder, died suddenly, leaving "Chantecler" without its principal interpreter, it was a terrible blow to Rostand and his associates. For a time they were in consternation. How could "Chantecler" be produced at all without the actor for whom the title rôle had been specially written? There was no possibility of finding anyone who could completely take the great comedian's place, yet it was necessary to seek without delay for someone competent to play the part. There was only one man possible, declared Rostand, and that man was Guitry, an actor of remarkable gifts, the original interpreter of Sergeant Flambeau in "L'Aiglon," and who, during the last ten years has firmly established himself as a prime favorite with Parisian theatregoers. At Rostand's earnest solicitation, M. Guitry consented to play the part of the now world-famed rooster, with what success is known. Henry Bataille, the distinguished French dramatist, in a recent number of *Les Annales,* has this to say of M. Guitry's art:

Bert, Paris

LUCIEN GUITRY

The actor selected by Rostand to originate the rôle of Chantecler, when Coquelin's sudden death left the part without an interpreter

"Guitry is the first real man who has trodden the stage. I do not mean that there have not been actors before him who were capable of interpreting our joys and sorrows. But, after all, they were like musical transposers. They were heroes, and had about them something processional and foreign to life.

"To keep art at the normal temperature of the heart, not to exceed the limit essential to life—this demands, above all things, a professional discipline and skill of which the public has not the least idea. Guitry is a wonderfully graded thermometer, which every artist ought to study with care. His acting never strays from reality. His relish for truth is at last rewarded. Truth is an imperious mistress who does not forsake her followers, and he who has known her empire cannot go back from it. He must still go forward with her, and by her guidance. Leaving light and graceful comedy, which was his specialty, Guitry has risen to the heights of intense drama, without being false to his own method. He has simply broadened that method to the limits of perfection.

"In speaking of him, people say: 'How natural he is!' meaning by that the line of demarcation between him and other actors. I do not think, however, that they appreciate the extent of the difficulty of being natural. On general principles, nothing is easier than to play comedy. Anybody, in real life, may be a comedian; the shopkeeper who wheedles you, the beggar who invents plausible fiction, the disagreeable domestic servant, who mimics you—all show genius for imitation and realism, which the greatest comedians could not surpass. But ask them to recite to you two phrases of the simplest text, and you will see their utter failure.

"Guitry's power of assimilation is wonderful. I have never seen any so instantaneous in its effects. His observation of life, his intuitions, are like lightning flashes. He is an actor who almost speaks before his cues. He is an absolute realist. His rationalism is thoroughly confirmed, distrusting everything which is not amenable to reason, shunning extremes of passion. But what a compensation he finds in the remarkable ease with which he juggles with life! He knows the human toy-box to the very bottom.

"Let us not forget that man's art is not the same as woman's art. There are actresses who fail in self-possession because in real life women fail in that respect. The power of their charm is quite different, and consists of restless ardor, weakness, and sensibility. Guitry's art is truly masculine, wholly intellectual, and having a precision which corresponds exactly with all the masculine qualities of will and self-consciousness. Thus it ought to be, full of clearness, sunshine, health! A gulf separates this comedian from all his actual rivals—in his speech and action, and also in his interpretation of the men of our modern society. His talent is specially French, free from that delicate softness characteristic of all comedians of other lands. He replaces it by a great charm of strength; and no one knows better than he how to enliven his somewhat massive power by the grace of a smile—as one puts a rose in his buttonhole.

"He is our most necessary actor; the most representative of our race; the intellectual actor — in the good sense of the word. Parsimonious nature will not often produce his equal; and I believe that at the present time one may claim, without risk of being taxed with exaggeration, that Guitry, by his marvelous gifts, his varied power, his clear authority, the subtlety of his technique, and that effusion of intelligence which surrounds him, is the first comedian of the world."

Another writer, M. Joseph Gattier, says in *Je Sais Tout:*

"Fame did not come at once to M. Guitry. After finishing his studies at the Conservatoire, he served the usual apprenticeship in the provinces, and made his début in Paris, in 'La Dame aux Camelias,' this in 1878, when he was eighteen years old. After playing in Paris for two years, he won the favor of the manager of a theatre in St. Petersburg, and went to Russia for ten years. This foreign experience was of great service to him. Being obliged to play often, and in a wide range of characters, he gained his remarkable knowledge of the stage. His talent grew flexible and strong. With youth, a joyous nature, and the society of artists who were at once his comrades and his fellow countrymen, his years of exile passed agreeably.

"When he came back to France he had only to wait for a chance to show his talent, and the chance was not long in coming. Life has been his teacher. He finds his models in nature. His culture is neither conventional nor traditional. Do not let him be hampered with armor togas, plumed hats, those trappings of a past age. Put him into any modern dress, and push him upon the stage. His triumph is as the man of to-day.

"To him all our contemporary dramatists owe a large share of their success. They regard him as a collaborator; listening to his opinions, following his advice. Guitry has been the interpreter of our foremost authors—of Anatole France, Lémaître, Donnay, Capus, Bernstein, and Bataille."

M. Guitry, as already mentioned, was the first actor to play Sergeant Flambeau in "L'Aiglon," a rôle associated in this country with the late Constant Coquelin. He has also appeared with great success in "Kean," "Gismonda," "L'Affranchie," "Amants," etc.

Sarony

MABEL FRENYEAR

Appearing as Sarah in "Where There's a Will," recently seen at Weber's Theatre

An Immoral Miracle Play

THE story of the miracle play "Sister Beatrice" by M. Maeterlinck, recently produced at the New Theatre, presents a curious and interesting case of a supposedly moral and religious play built upon an idea of deception on the part of the Virgin Mary, and of connivance at the concealment of the sin which would naturally be the most abhorrent to her. Probably the play is so powerfully written and so finely acted that to the spectator this moral issue is obscured; but to one considering it simply on the merit of the story the moral question is its most striking feature.

The same legend as that used in "Sister Beatrice," has been made the subject of a poem called "A Legend of Provence," by Adelaide Anne Proctor, in which the sinful nun, Sister Angela, has been brought up in the convent "Our Lady of the Hawthorns," as the pet of the sisters; and she is young, innocent and devoted. After a battle in the vicinity of the convent the wounded soldiers are left there to be cared for, and as Sister Angela lacks skill she is placed in charge of one of the less seriously injured, a young foreign knight, who is able by glittering tales of his adventures and the beauty of worldly scenes to induce Angela to leave the convent with him. Then, striving with vain regret,

> "She saw, each day and hour, more worthless grown
> The heart for which she cast away her own;
> And her soul learnt, through bitterest inward strife,
> The slight, frail love for which she wrecked her life,
> The phantom for which all her hope was given,
> The cold bleak earth for which she bartered heaven!
> But all in vain; would even the tenderest heart
> Now stop to take so poor an outcast's part?
>
> "Years fled, and she grew reckless more and more,
> Until the humblest peasant closed his door,
> And where she passed, fair dames, in scorn and pride,
> Shuddered and drew their rustling robes aside."

Finally, as a wretched beggar she returns to the convent, and while Sister Monica, the portress, is gone to find the key to unbar the gate, Angela looks up and sees before her a figure that seems familiar:

> "Herself; yet not as when she fled away,
> The young and blooming novice, fair and gay,
> But a grave woman, gentle and serene:
> The outcast knew it—what she might have been.
> But, as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright
> Filled all the place with strange and sudden light;
> The Nun was there no longer; but instead,
> A figure with a circle round its head,
> A ring of glory; and a face, so meek,
> So soft, so tender . . . Angela strove to speak,
> And stretched her hands out, crying, 'Mary mild,
> Mother of mercy, help me!—help your child!'
> And Mary answered, 'From thy bitter past,
> Welcome, my child! O, welcome home at last!
> I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none,
> For all thy daily duties I have done;
> Gathered thy flowers, and prayed, and sung, and slept;
> Didst thou not know, poor child, thy place was kept?
> Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
> Have limits to its mercy: God has none.
> And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
> But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
> Is Love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
> And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
> Means crowned, not vanquished, when it says, "Forgiven!"

On her return Sister Monica finds only Sister Angela at the gate,

> "Laden with hawthorn blossoms from the wood.
> And never did a day pass by again,
> But the old portress, with a sigh of pain,
> Would sorrow for her loitering: with a prayer
> That the poor beggar, in her wild despair,
> Might not have come to any ill; and when
> She ended, 'God forgive her!' humbly then
> Did Angela bow her head, and say, 'Amen!'
> How pitiful her heart was! all could trace
> Something that dimmed the brightness of her face
> After that day, which none had seen before;
> Not trouble—but a shadow—nothing more."

Many years after, Sister Angela dies confessing her flight and sin to the nuns.

Unfortunately the poet adds a moral to this,

> "Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
> Some pure ideal of a noble life
> That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
> The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
> And just within our reach? It was. And yet
> We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
> And now live idle in a vain regret.
> But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
> Ready for us to fill it, soon or late:
> No star is ever lost we once have seen,
> We always may be what we might have been."

This may be a comforting thought, and the whole legend is told in most beautiful and plausible style as a lesson of pity and of

Scenes in Marie Dressler's Play "Tillie's Nightmare" at the Herald Square

Photos Hall J. Clarence Harvey Horace Newman May Montford George Gorman Marie Dressler Octavia Broske

ACT I. TILLIE BLOBBS (MARIE DRESSLER): "DO YOU WANT SOME LAMB TO GO WITH THAT?"

Marie Fanchionette Marie Dressler Alleta Bridgeport Lottie Uart

ACT I. MISS THOMPSON (MARIE FANCHIONETTE): "THIS RIBBON IS NOT PINK!"

White

AILEEN FLAVEN

Appearing as Alice in "The Lily" at the Stuyvesant Theatre

Sarony

ADELAIDE NOWAK

Recently seen in "The Harvest Moon" at the Garrick Theatre

Sarony

VIRGINIA STAUNTON

Who has lately been seen in J. M. Barrie's play "Peter Pan"

Blackman

HATTIE L. STEINBACH

Plays leads in R. M. Sperry's productions at Jackson's Theatre, Bridgeport

hope, yet if any power to help and comfort the sinful is to be attributed to the Virgin Mary, should it not be shown without the use of such poor human means as deception and trickery? Is not the idea of the Virgin Mary leaving her niche to move among the unsuspecting sisters in the guise of one of their number, in order to conceal from them the clandestine flight and—not one step downward as a result of innocence betrayed by skilful deceit and followed by quick repentance and return to confess the fault—but a long period of vilest iniquity on the part of one of their number most loved, and the bringing back of the sinner to her old place unchanged, a spectacle revolting in the extreme? The sympathy of the spectator, or in a less degree the reader, is so keenly aroused on behalf of the repentant sinner that the ugly fact that the Virgin has been acting a lie is almost lost sight of. But, however beautiful the production of "Sister Beatrice" may be, can anything so opposed to the reason of morality be truly beautiful or truthfully artistic?

Of whatever religious ideas the spectator may be, he must admit for the time that he is watching the play the truth of the religious idea upon which it is founded, else it is meaningless. And when he does admit this he finds that the legend disregards one of the greatest principles of religion—that the Divinity and those like Mary, wholly influenced by His grace, must be morally perfect.

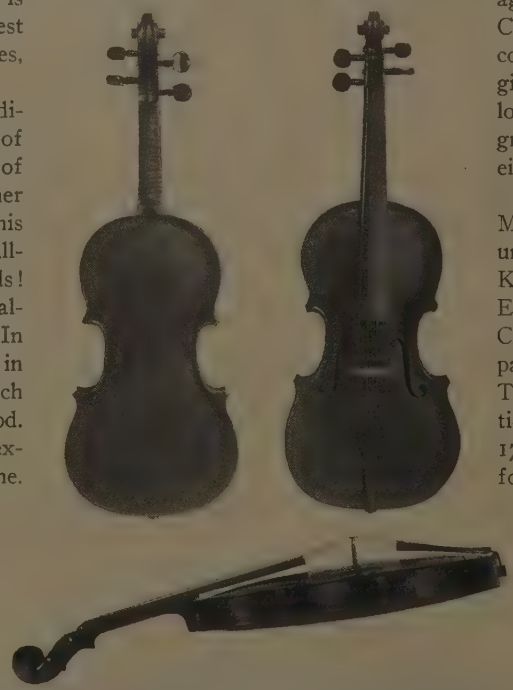
EVELYN O'CONNOR.

Fritz Kreisler Parts with His Celebrated Stradivarius Violin

THE celebrated Stradivarius violin, known as Adams or De Greville, which was recently sold by the well-known violinist, Fritz Kreisler, to a musical house of Chicago, for their celebrated collection of rare violins, is regarded by connoisseurs as the greatest example of his work in the United States, considered as a concert instrument.

It was made in the year 1726 by Stradivarius, when he was eighty-two years of age. That Stradivarius, at this period of his life, was able to produce this and other celebrated violins is noteworthy, proved his tremendous vitality and fidelity to his calling. He worked for ten years afterwards! No falling off is noticeable in the tone quality of his instruments of this period. In modeling and outline they surpassed in grandeur his violins of 1700 to 1720, which is usually considered as his golden period. The Kreisler Strad possesses a tone of extreme sympathetic quality and large volume. With such an instrument in his possession any violinist of ability is well equipped to enthrall every audience before whom he appears.

The tone of such a violin is like the voice of Patti in her best day. It has all the qualities which reach down and pull on one's heart strings. Its sympathetic tone will produce tears or laughter at the will of the player.



The celebrated Stradivarius violin, known as Adams or De Greville, and recently the property of Fritz Kreisler, the celebrated violinist

This celebrated instrument was brought to America many years ago by Mr. R. D. Hawley, of Hartford, Conn., whose love for fine violins, and the collection which he succeeded in forming, give a great deal to cultivate in America love and appreciation for the works of the greatest masters in Italy of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Mr. Hawley parted with it eventually to Mr. Adams, of New York, who owned it until it was bought by Mr. Kreisler. Mr. Kreisler concertized upon it throughout all Europe and America until he came to Chicago, when the transaction whereby it passed out of his possession took place. The celebrated Bott Stradivarius is of practically the same period. It was made in 1723. The well-known Earl Stradivarius, formerly of the Hawley collection, is dated 1722. This is the date of the Paganini Stradivarius also.

Antoine Stradivari, called Stradivarius, was born at Cremona, Italy, in 1644. He died in the same place in 1737. He was the most famous of all the world's great violin makers.

Photos Manuel

BERNHARDT'S FAVORITE GODDAUGHTER

Who superintended the arrangement of the remarkable collection of souvenirs in the great reception room

A QUAINT AND ARTISTIC CORNER

In the great reception room. Many valuable and historical *objets d'art* are to be seen in this apartment

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RECEPTION ROOM

This apartment is probably one of the most interesting salons in all Europe

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE GREAT RECEPTION ROOM

The large picture above the mantelpiece is a painting of Bernhardt by Clairin

THE RECEPTION ROOM OF A FAMOUS ACTRESS

The great reception room in Madame Sarah Bernhardt's wonderful home in Paris, of which four photographs appear above, is probably one of the most famous salons in all Europe, if not in the whole world. In its artistic interior there are countless memoirs of the great tragedienne's theatrical successes from nearly every part of the world

FRAULEIN ELIZABETH SCHNEIDER
As Gretchen (Marguerite) in "Faust"

THE NEW HOF THEATRE IN WEIMAR
A perfect modern playhouse built on the site of the old Hof Theatre that Goethe managed

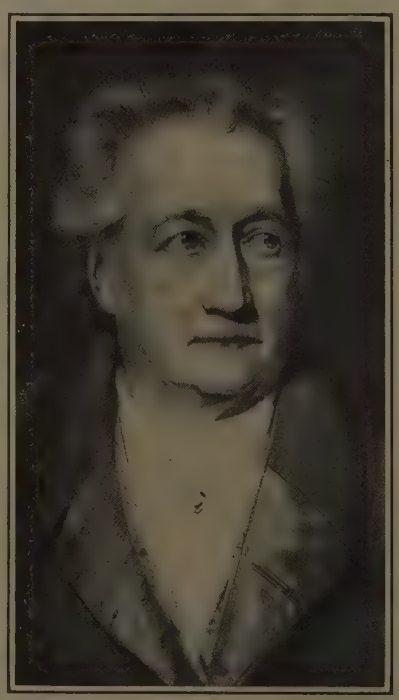
Goethe's "Faust" Acted at Home

By Randolph Hartley

AT the Hof Theatre in Weimar, Saxony, on Easter Monday of the present year, a performance was given of the first part of Goethe's "Faust." With the exception of the enigmatical "Prologue in the Theatre," which was omitted, the work was presented almost exactly as it was written by the great Weimar dramatist. The performance began at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon and ended at eleven at night. The acting was of the highest order throughout, and the mounting was equal to the best to be seen in London or New York. The prices charged were about half what would be demanded in America.

But these mere facts in the case convey no suggestion of the sentimental interest attaching to the presentation. To thoroughly appreciate that interest one must know Wiemar and the history of its theatre; and one must consider, also, that to the people of Weimar the author of "Faust" seems not a half-mythical figure standing isolated and remote, but that he seems to them almost as real, in the life of the day, as the present grand duke or the contemporary candle-stick maker. The influence of Goethe's mind and the touch of his hand are evidenced at every turn in Weimar. He it was who planned the park that borders the river Ilm; he it was who established many of the important institutions of the town, and he it was who by his writings, made Weimar known to the ends of the earth. At the same time the little stories of his whimsies, his flirtations, his friendships and his enmities are as familiar to every person in Weimar as is the Goethe dwelling house that stands on what is now a busy thoroughfare. The people know the human side of their hero. There was reverence in the attitude of the audience that filled the Hof Theatre on Easter Monday, and it was reverence without affectation. The townspeople seemed honestly and frankly desirous of seeing again the greatest play of their greatest fellow-townsman. In the royal box sat the reigning Grand Duke, William Ernest, and the Grand Duchess; and in the gallery sat the baker's errand boy with the daughter of the crossing sweeper. They were equals in their appreciation of the performance.

The presentation of the play was worthy of the Hof Theatre of Weimar—which is to say that in the acting, the mounting and the stage management there was scarcely an imperfection. Save only in one respect—the comparatively small matter of facial make-up, in which the German players are unaccountably careless—the presentation equalled the very highest dramatic standards of England and America. And "Faust" is but one play, rarely acted, in the enormous repertoire of a resident company in a town of only thirty thousand inhabitants! Every other play in the repertoire is presented in the same admirable fashion, and doubtless the good people of Weimar would feel themselves greatly abused should any less artistic fare be offered to them. Nor is there injustice in their demands. The theatre itself is equipped with every necessity and convenience; the company, consisting of an operatic and a dramatic division, is very large and is the result of years of careful selection, and the government of the theatre is as well ordered as that of any other state institution. The scenery, costumes and properties are designed and made by artists and workmen on the regular staff of the theatre; the rehearsals are conducted by men of artistic as well as official authority, and the players have no responsibilities save those concerning the work in hand. Indeed, his or her duty toward the Hof Theatre is the *first* duty of every man, woman and child concerned in any way with the productions.



GOETHE
Portrait of the poet that is most popular at Weimar

In the acting of the play the two impersonations that stood out as brilliant achievements were Herr Carl Weiser's Mephistopheles and Fraulein Elizabeth Schneider's Gretchen — or Marguerite, as the character is known on the English stage and in the opera. Herr Weiser, a man of nearly seventy years, who has been a member of the Weimar company for a quarter of a century, is at his best as Mephistopheles and as Cyrano de Bergerac, and his fame as an actor rests largely upon his interpretation of these two characters. He is a much more human Mephisto than we are accustomed to seeing on the American stage—and he is also more humorous and less comic than are our own actors in the rôle. Fraulein Schneider's Gretchen was a beautifully

Bangs, N. Y.

MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, NOW A MEMBER OF THE NEW THEATRE COMPANY

simple and engaging personification, and was doubtless modeled exactly according to the traditions of the Weimar Theatre, that have been preserved since the time of Goethe himself. The Faust of Herr Illiger was a thoroughly competent, though not a brilliant, performance. It is, however, a considerable achievement merely to repeat the lines of Faust, in the uncut play, and the actor well proved his mental capacity and powers of endurance.

The twelve stage settings—all of which were actual settings and not mere drops—were extremely realistic and beautiful. Inasmuch as several of them were repeated the stage was set and cleared no less than sixteen times during the performance. These changes were accomplished with marvelous rapidity and with absolutely no noise. The waits were only from two to three minutes, except for two intermissions of fifteen minutes each, during which the auditors retired to the foyer for refreshments. Altogether, the performance, mechanically as well as artistically, was a fine object lesson in the proper conduct of a theatre.

As has been already intimated the excellence of the dramatic and operatic performances at Weimar is largely due to the splendid equipment of the theatre as well as to the perfect organization of the staff. The new building, which is of stone, covers an entire square, and in front of it is a large stone-paved space, the Theatre Platz, in the centre of which is the famous Goethe-Schiller monument by Rietschel. Within the four walls of the theatre building all things necessary for the productions are planned, designed and executed. There is ample room, and all conveniences, for every member of the company and the staff. The auditorium, which seats eleven hundred, occupies less than half of the building. It appears almost as though the architect had considered entirely the comfort of the workers in the theatre, and had as an afterthought made provision for the spectators in what space was left over. Nevertheless, the auditorium is very attractive, and every seat commands an unobstructed view of the stage.

White

MISS SADIE WESTON

Well-known English actress who is appearing in this country in vaudeville, and will shortly be seen in one of the Summer Revues

Beside the huge stage itself, which is equipped with every modern electrical and mechanical appliance, there are, in this empire behind the curtain line, separate rehearsal rooms for dramatic and operatic principals, the chorus, the ballet and the orchestra; an armory, where hundreds of swords, guns, cross-bows and suits of armor of various periods are racked; a library in which are thousands of play-books and opera scores; a museum containing autograph letters, manuscripts and costumes; an enormous paint room; separate store-rooms for furniture and properties; private offices for the heads of the several departments; a large wardrobe-room where the costumes are made; dressing-rooms for principals, choristers, ballet women and children, and a stately green-room in which are bronze and marble busts, as well as portraits, of notable playwrights, composers and players who have had to do with the history of the Weimar stage. And this immense place back of the proscenium arch is always in a state of perfect order, and is innocent of a single particle of dust.

The present theatre building is the third that has stood on the same site. The first building was erected in 1779; was enlarged and decorated by Goethe in 1798, and was destroyed by fire in 1825. The second theatre was built in 1830—two years before Goethe's death—and was torn down in 1907 to give place to the present splendid structure.

Curiously enough the Golden Age of the drama in Weimar preceded the erection of the first regular theatre in the town. It was indeed a royal period, the like of which few cities have known, and the intellectual standards of the drama established at that time have been brought safely onward through the years, by the citizens of Weimar, to the present day. Goethe was, of course, a moving spirit in the establishment of the Weimar theatre, but the real parent of the enterprise was the greatly beloved Grand Duchess Anna Amelia, who during her regency transformed what was "a dirty little village of barbarians" into a Mecca of culture and refinement to which the eyes of all Europe turned in admiration.

In the year 1771 the Grand Duchess fitted up a theatre in the Castle, which is in the heart of Weimar, and engaged a company of professional players to perform there. "She was thoroughly convinced," says one of her biographers, "that a well ordered theatre can do a great work in the intellectual improvement and general refinement of a nation," and to this end—that the common people might be benefited—no admission fee was charged at most of the performances. In 1774 a fire in the Castle destroyed the little theatre and put an end to the altruistic enterprise. But on the heels of this calamity came great good fortune. Wolfgang Goethe took up his residence in Weimar. Presently, with the aid of the Grand Duchess Amalia and her young son, the Grand Duke Karl August, Goethe organized a remarkable company of amateurs. Performances were given in the ducal residence and at the little castle at Tiefurt, two miles out of town, where an open air theatre was arranged in the forest.

The company was amateurish only in the fact that the players received no pay. Artistically it was superior to every other company in Germany. It had its own poets, composers, scene painters and costumiers, and in the casts of its productions are to be found the names of Anna Amalia, Karl August, Prince Constantine, Goethe, Knebel, Einsiedel, Bode, Corona Schröter—a famous actress and singer who forsook the professional stage to play

Scenes in Edward Peple's New Play, "The Spitfire," at the Lyceum Theatre

Photos White — Charles Cherry — E. J. Ratcliffe — Ruth Maycliffe — C. D. Herman — Oza Waldrop

ACT III. VALDA (MISS MAYCLIFFE): "I DEMAND THAT THAT MAN BE RELEASED!"

Charles Cherry — Ruth Maycliffe

ACT IV. BRUCE MORSON: "HAVE A BIRD, MISS GIRARD"

LEWIS S. STONE AND FLORENCE OAKLEY IN A SCENE FROM GEORGE BROADHURST'S NEW PLAY, "THE GARDEN OF LIES"

with the Weimar Company—Amalia von Kotzebue, Countess Bernstorff, Madame Wolf and Fraulein von Göchhausen. For this distinguished company Goethe wrote practically all of his earlier plays, and the répertoire included the works of many other noted poets of the time. Later on Schiller also wrote especially for the Weimar stage. When the days of the amateur company were done, and the first regular professional theatre was established in Weimar, Goethe and Schiller were its directors.

With such traditions back of it there is small room for wonder at the high artistic standards of the Hof Theatre of Weimar. The present Grand Duke and Grand Duchess are but little less interested in its welfare than were Anna Amalia and Karl August. The townspeople look upon it as their chief glory and pride. To the players it is not a mere workshop, where their daily bread is to be earned, but it is a sacred temple in which they may serve the deities of the drama.

White Alice Kelley Thais Magrane Edmund Breese James Cherry

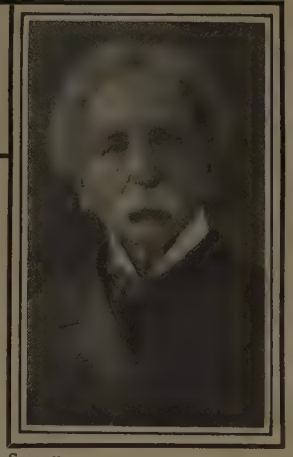
Act I. Richard Ward learns that he is bankrupt

SCENE IN PORTER EMERSON BROWNE'S PLAY "THE SPENDTHRIFT" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

The Actor and the Critic

Marceau

RICHARD MANSFIELD



Sarony

WILLIAM WINTER

THAT Richard Mansfield deserved such a record* of his life and art as has been accomplished by a writer of the authority and distinction of William Winter, cannot be doubted. An interesting and unusual feature of the book is the intimacy between the critic and the actor as is revealed in the letters that passed between them. Mr. Winter was constantly helpful both in public and private criticism. A man of convictions and of the widest possible knowledge of the history, the people and the literature of the stage,—Mansfield consulted with him regarding every production, whenever possible, and confided to him his changing moods of despair and exultation. The actor's whole nature was thus bared to the man who was to be his best friend in giving to the lifework of the erratic and madly ambitious player the only permanence possible. Mr. Winter's estimate of the character and work of Mansfield leaves the impression of truth. Wrong impressions of the man are corrected, but personal and artistic mistakes are not glossed over.

The controversy, if it may be called such, over the authorship of "Beau Brummel," is not altogether set at rest in the page or so devoted to it, but Mr. Winter's details of the facts are authentic and indisputable. The real extent of Clyde Fitch's contribution to the text of the play does not matter. It was his good fortune to have his name figure as the author of a play of small consequence derived from various sources, the situations and "business" of which were devised by Mansfield. It gave him an immediate prominence which he justified, or at least made the most of. Mr. Mansfield opened the eyes of the young playwright to the essential nature of technical precision and the requirements of the stage and of the actor in the making of a play. Clyde Fitch made public acknowledgment of the value of his experience with Mansfield. Mansfield thus gave Fitch his start in more ways than one, so that there is no need to strike a balance and find a minimum of credit for anyone concerned. "Beau Brummel" was distinctly a Mansfield achievement.

Mr. Winter has some enlightening and conclusive words to say about his friendly relations with actors of distinct and personal worth. He has been a writer about the stage for more than half a century. "In the course of that time," he says, "I have discussed the performances of hundreds of actors, and have written many columns of recognition and praise; but I have never written a line of praise that I did not believe to be deserved, and I have never written a word of commendation of any person because I was fond of that person or because that person was fond of me." There can be no better proof of this and of the standard of uninfluenced opinion he exercised as a critic than this very volume. In it he spares Mansfield in no instance when the actor's judgment and conduct were reprehensible. He regretted Mansfield's attitude toward Henry Irving, of whom for a while he became jealous and suspicious. At one time, after his experiences in London at the Lyceum Theatre, Mansfield had been driven to despair by his failures and debts. The debts he soon relieved himself of by his splendid energy and resourcefulness. In the meanwhile he felt "neglected, deserted, persecuted, damned." His letters to Mr. Winter became insufferable and their discontinuance was asked for. One of the letters of this period reads:

". . . Damn your criticisms! *No* man can keep me back for long! You can injure my pocket, and you certainly have—on occasions! I had a deuce of a time getting our only patrons, the Jews, to come and see 'The Merchant,' because *you* made me out a fiend and a vulture. $8,000 more of my hard-earned dollars gone; and you impractical Devil—what do I—am I—can I, live on? Air? Do you think I am eternally to sweat and labor for no earthly return? . . .

"I have been harassed and worried and hounded beyond all endurance. It seems I must even suffer in silence! It seems that I must never look forward to anything but a life of work! . . .

"Irving has been fêting the critics here (in Chicago), and I have again found the trail of the serpent and its slime! I have even an accurate and verbatim report of his conversation with them.—one of his not least amazing declarations being that he is to present 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' in London. That being the play in which I should make my re-entrée there, his Snakeship will, snakelike, forestall me! . . ."

On the subject of Irving, Mansfield writes again:

"My dear Winter:

"I thank you, with all my heart, for the more than 'amende honorable' . . .

"You are perfectly right—that I have felt sore, and that to you, as an old friend, I have often unburdened myself. That *is* no reason why I should do so in public. Moreover, I have grown wise in my generation.

"Do you fancy I really had no

From the *Illustated London News*

PERFORMANCE OF "HENRY IV" AT THE OLD GLOBE THEATRE, LONDON

The old Globe Theatre was circular in shape. The stage consisted of a stout platform set in the "pit," or yard, and sheltered by a sloping roof of thatch supported by two pillars. This was the front stage; at the back of it was a recess (the rear stage), with a balcony, twelve feet from the ground, overhanging it. This was shut in by means of curtains, blue when comedy was being played, black for tragedy. Two doors on either side provided entrances and exits. A larger door opened at the back of the rear stage. Two windows over the side doors were used as occasion demanded, and when not needed for the play these were occupied by musicians or spectators. A flag was flown during the performances. The level of the front stage was four feet from the ground. In the drawing may be seen ladies of fashion, masked and smoking pipes

*Life and Art of Richard Mansfield—With Selections from His Letters. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company, 1910.

Morrison, Chicago

MISS DORIS KEANE
Now playing the part of Sonia in "Arsène Lupin"

cause for anger? I suffered a loss of $167,000—actual figures. I was not fairly treated, and Mr. Irving's last action was to buy 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' to prevent me from playing it in London. He also caused me to be attached, in a small New England town, late on a Saturday night. I have paid him every cent I owe him. I forgive him any intentional or unintentional harm he may have done me.

"I have been—I was, his most devoted friend, his ardent admirer. I believed in him implicitly. I have bestowed upon him many gifts and tokens of friendship. He accepted everything coldly, and never made any return. I am hasty and quick-tempered—but I harm only myself. I would rather be so, than cold, calculating, and insincere.

"Even the St. Louis speech, so much referred to recently, was an outrageous fake. I made but one speech, which was forced upon me—the audience would not have it otherwise. There was not one serious word in that speech; it was entirely comic, and accepted as such by the audience. Some cad, three days afterward, published, to our utter amazement and consternation, a series of remarks, purporting to have been uttered by me, which were a string of ridiculous lies. Upon these the New York papers commented seriously.

"I have written to Irving—I ought to write to Tree. I have abused neither of these men. They are welcome to all the honor and glory and money they can acquire. . . ."

A few days later he writes:

". . . *Certainly,* I have spoken and written to you in a mood of bitterness. You, who are a poet and must have a poet's moods, best know how the arrows of outrageous fortune torture a man's mind, and how an enfeebled constitution and a nerve-racked frame will make a fellow shriek, as hope after hope and ambition after ambition is thwarted, and fades, and dies. But I do not talk cheap trash like a common scold.

"You are quite right about Jefferson—nobody would believe that he had said anything of the kind. But there is this difference—that *I* produce four or five plays a year, and have spent thousands on new and old plays, such as 'Richard' and 'Nero'—and that I am striving, striving, studying, and have been starving. Mr. Jefferson is a dear, lovely fellow, who likes a small company and a jog trot. Every man to his taste.

"Irving is twenty years my senior. I admire him very much; I am, personally, his friend, and if he needed any friendship he could have it, and every copper I am likely to make, to back it up. *Politically,* I am his opponent. He does not believe in Reciprocity. I *do.* I think it's an infernal shame that a man who has won his spurs in this country should not be esteemed a knight in England—that it should be a practical impossibility to make a dollar over there. . . .

"I *like* all these fellows—I am still fond of Irving: but I do think there should be a fair, square chance all round. Basta—that's all! Let the dead bury the dead. . . . Talking of the dead, Sol Smith Russell is here and has got 'The Heir at Law' by the ears, and is galvanizing the old fellow *'with songs contributed by Mr. Joseph Jefferson!'* Has Jefferson been warbling, too?

"We nearly died over your review of 'Mr. John A. Dreams' and 'Mr. Titus A. Peep.' I marked it as coming from your pen, and despatched it at once to Bernard Shaw. . . .

"Beatrice has gone to New York. You'll find her at 104 West 80th Street. I shall be there Sunday evening. At the house there is a high-backed chair, in which Cardinal Borgia was wont to disport himself, which now belongs to you, and in the theatre there will also be a chair which will have 'W. W.' beautifully embroidered on its back.

"When you write scathing editorials about me, please recollect that it is simple madness to nourish and cherish a plant, and watch it, and water it, and whiskey it, and so forth and so forth and so forth—and, just as it shows promise of blossoming, to jump upon it with both heels! Why, more than half such success as I enjoy is born of *you,* and doesn't everybody know it? Wretched man! you have brought forth a Frankenstein! !"

Mansfield was always striving after new and big things. A full record of the many failures growing out of his pursuit of the novel, the startling and even the grotesque is given. Such plays as "The Parisian Romance," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Scarlet Letter" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," Mr. Winter considers with discriminating and sympathetic interest. He discouraged Mansfield in many of his undertakings. He here discusses many impossible plays that were tried. He argued long in letters and frequently in personal discussion against his use of Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." This play and its failure was the culmination of Mansfield's disappointments. He spent large sums on its production, and lost heavily. It was his last great undertaking. Its failure led to his physical breakdown. Of course, he made many mistakes, but was not slow to see the truth after failure. His own comments on some of his plays indicate clearly enough that he understood what was lacking in them as well as anybody, but that he was forced to use them as the best procurable at the moment. No actor-manager was more vigilant in noting the possibilities for plays. He often complains in his letters of the scarcity of suitable plays. Writing from New London, in August, 1907, he says:

"My dear Winter:

"There is a plethora of Shakespearian productions this year, and there is a faddish, restless spirit in the air. Ordinary things will not draw. I do not love Ibsen,—but something novel and extraordinary has to be found. I propose playing 'Peer Gynt' in a spirit of travesty, and to present it as a 'phantasmagoria.' I shall leave it to the people to find out the fun. At present there is nothing else in sight. I may, however, find something. I would, of course, prefer Jonson, or Beaumont and Fletcher. These are hard times for us, and in doing 'Peer Gynt' I am simply—as I did in 'Cyrano'—working for the sinews of war, in order to accomplish other and better things. Also I want to hoist the Ibsen craze with its own petard. If 'Peer Gynt' doesn't do it, nothing will! Mrs. Mansfield is absolutely adamant about *Falstaff,* and will not countenance it.

"There is hardly a play—a great play—that has not some objectionable features. Of course, everybody is weary to death of the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Mrs. Tanqueray and the connubial noodle, and you can't

very well write a play on any historical subject without running against some dirt, whether it be Louis XIV, or Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI, or Charles I, or Charles II, or Henry VIII, and you can't present the plays of Shakespeare without getting into trouble. When, for instance, I read your advice concerning Falstaff to my wife, she said to me: 'If you ever appear as that disgusting old man, and speak those horrid lines, I will never look at you again!' But what's the use of talking?

"In King John there is nothing for *me*, and the whole summer I have worried and thought—but can find naught. My company is enormous. My contracts are signed. I have to play five weeks in Chicago, commencing the last day in October. We closed there late in the spring, with the repertory. I have a charming play, on 'L'Ami Fritz,' by Erckmann-Chatrian, that I shall do later, but it would not fill the house for five weeks.

"Last season 'Don Carlos' only drew for a night or two; Molière in Boston ONE performance, only half a house! I am forced to do odd and extraordinary stuff to keep the pot boiling. *No one* is writing anything There is not a dramatic author in sight! No one comes near me. I am entirely alone. Every manager and actor in the country is ready to cut my throat. If my receipts decline, I am lost. I am forced to fight with the weapons I can find.

"I am sorry to offend you, or to do anything to lessen or impair our long friendship, and that is why I write at length, so that you may understand my position. I am trying to sell the property here and in New York, and to buy a little place in England, and retire from a conflict that becomes more and more hopeless. I have worked so hard that I have practically destroyed my nervous force, and I cannot recuperate or get completely well, under the constant strain. God bless *you*. I know how hard you are working, but I feel you do not quite comprehend how deeply and sincerely I sympathize with you. In fact, I do not suppose anybody realizes how much I long for that friendship and affection and regard which is denied me."

Another letter reveals anxiety concerning his financial condition:

"316 Riverside Drive, New York,
"Dear Old Friend: "March 8, 1907.

"I have been greatly depressed and very wretched, but I am better to-day. The strain of playing Peer Gynt was too great. I am returning you the little play of Jones', because I never produce one-act plays, for the reason that no one ever comes to see them, and they necessitate the doing of two other plays on the same evening.

"When we meet I hope to tell you of my plans. I *must* make some money and get out. I see that actors with a small play and a small cast can make a million: I must try it. We, alas, are comparatively poor, and if we had to live, to-morrow, on what we have, our income would be very small."

Mansfield was a man of changing moods. When in England he longs for America; when in America he dreams of the restfulness of England. The first mood is to be found in a letter from London immediately after his production there of "Richard III." He says:

"Langham Hotel, London, W.,
"My Dear Winter: "March 24, 1889.

"At last and successfully! Considering how much we have undertaken, and what an enormous task it is to present Shakespeare here, I think we have every reason to more than congratulate ourselves. I am sorry your version did not come sooner, but as it is, it has been of great service to me.

"The fools here do not know Cibber from Shakespeare—I have almost entirely done without Cibber and restored Shakespeare's lines—but because I have, to a large extent, followed the *'scenario'* of Cibber, they are under the impression that the lines must be Cibber—which they are not. However, thank God! we have succeeded—and that is the main point. On the opening night—we commenced with an uproar in the pit; everybody against us or doubtful; the close was a *triumph*—an ovation! Last night the house was *packed* and very many people were turned away. So it has come at last. I have waited a long time.

"I cannot tell you how I long to be at home again—England does not agree with me; I am ill and wretched; my throat has not been well for months—and the strain and anxiety is something too fearful. What would I not give to be in my rooms at the Croisic—you and I, over a glass of grog and a cigar (a *big one*—I have not smoked for a month), and you *'in the mood!'*

"There are more hypocrites, liars, parasites, and sycophants here to the square mile than in America to the square State. I know we have some of it in America—but here it is recognized, established, and *admired* business, and the man or woman who does not practice it is considered a fool and liberally cold-shouldered.

"August!—will see me home again, please God, and it will take much to drag me thence. I am very, very busy, so I cannot write much now.

"God bless you, old fellow, "Ever yours,
"Dick."

The other mood is expressed in a letter from California in 1902:

Otto Sarony Co.

MISS JANET BEECHER
Who plays Helen Heyer in "The Lottery Man" at the Bijou Theatre

"On Private Car, Los Angeles, Cal.,
"My dear Winter: "May 20, 1892.

". . . Redlands may be very beautiful—but Los Angeles is not. It is red hot just now, and the town is suffering from scarlet fever and a religious meeting or convention: a person of the name of Mills is exhorting the miserable wretches, to the extent of 10,000 a day, to give up rum and everything else he doesn't like. The city itself is not beautiful, and everything is very primitive. The most painful feature of the city and its immediate vicinity is the lack of foliage—there are no trees, at least, very few, and therefore no shade. It is all sunshine and dust. Irrigation costs a lot of money, and there is no water.

"England will suit you better. The eye has no rest here—the mind no peace. Everybody is bragging—because there is nothing to brag about; the beauty of the country—its marvelous resources, etc., etc.—is dinned into your ears with painful insistence, until you long to say, *'Damn* your country!'—only one doesn't, and the result is that they really are beginning to believe in their own lying. Redlands may be a Paradise—but again, all this country is volcanic—earthquakes are constant—the country shook again yesterday, and that has an unpleasant sense of uncertainty and insecurity.

"Give me England—give me its lanes and hedges, its fields, the skylark, the soft blue sky, the purple haze on the middle (*Continued on page vi*)

Sarony

MISS HELEN WARE, WHO WILL BE STARRED NEXT SEASON IN A DRAMA CALLED "DELIA OF THE SECRET SERVICE"

Helen Ware—an Actress of the Natural School

TALL, with fine shoulders and the long, free step of the athlete, a young woman in a smart, blue tailored suit and a broad-brimmed flat hat on whose brim a slaughtered bird of the paroquet family perched and stared, swung out of the Avenue and into the odd little tea-room where we were to lunch and chat.

She swept the menu with calm, rather absent Irish eyes, the eyes that are somewhat blue and somewhat gray, and which fascinate you by something deep and earnest, then defy you with a twinkle, while you are trying to decide which color predominates.

"I seldom lunch," she said. "Two meals are enough, and breakfast and dinner suit me better than the luncheon and dinner plan."

I quite expected her to decline sweets. Her vivid complexion shows that she is indifferent to them. She played with her food instead of eating it. She belongs to the class of human air plants, the wholesome folk who eat little and breathe deeply, who look to food merely to repair the tissues, but to air for their energies. Four walls seem to stifle them. They crave the open and stifle between walls. Helen Ware radiates this sense of the open life.

"My father is an outdoors man," she explained. "He walks four or five miles every day, and on Sunday twelve to fifteen." She harks back to her father in several respects, this young actress who has been acclaimed one of the greatest players of the natural school of her time. Her first recollection is of sitting with other frightened juveniles of the family while he told stories in a dim light or no light at all. They huddled in the dim library and listened in fearful fascination to the tales he told. Always they were from books, always from the classics, as in the growing-up times she learned. They had a great deal of Shakespeare disguised as fairy stories and ghost stories in those times. "We hardly dared breathe," she said, "and yet how we enjoyed them. He was a wonderful story teller."

"Acting is story telling on the stage."

"Yes, and I would be glad if I could act as well as he told those stories."

He whose face relaxes in a pleased smile when he is referred to as "Helen Ware's father" was somewhat less than thirty years ago introduced by the San Francisco newspapers as "one of the most prominent architects of the East." And so he was, and he planned and builded well the Baldwin Theatre that has been the cradle of so many great dramatic careers, the cradle rocked by the hand of the boy stage manager, David Belasco.

Moffett

MISS EDNA BRUNS, LEADING WOMAN WITH FRANCIS WILSON IN "THE BACHELOR'S BABY"

"I was born while that theatre was building." Miss Ware trifled with a leaf of her salad and looked out of the tea-room door, seeing things invisible to the rest of us. Irish eyes were ever keen for the fairy folk of fancy. "There was never an actor in my family and I have often wondered whether the building of that theatre didn't account in a way for me. The influences of that time impressed me, and none of the rest of my six brothers and sisters has any taste for it. That was just a phase of our family life, and I took it as one would take measles."

A paternal inheritance, too, is the doggedness that keeps one's feet unwaveringly in the chosen path, however hard that path. The Irish-American strain on both sides manifests itself in that mental weather we call mood.

"You seem a calm, certain young person."

Helen Ware laughed. "I seem," she repeated, "but my intimate friends know I'm not. There are times when I don't feel like playing, when it is terribly hard to play. It is so hard at those times to keep Annie Jeffreys in the key. She is so liable to stray from the key when I'm not watching her. And do you know what I do then? I am an avid newspaper reader, and when I find Annie wandering from the key I get the pathos by thinking of something I read in the paper that morning, something about children or animals. It never fails because I love children and animals, and their troubles move me. Isn't that dreadful?"

"The people about me probably think it's mood when I insist upon silence on the stage." Miss Ware's smile had the flavor of the victor in many battles. "But it isn't. It is the desire to do things well. It is natural for me to go soft footed about the stage. I never dream of talking in the wings while others are on the stage, and I won't let them talk while I'm on the stage. I would like to see a big sign 'SILENCE' in every entrance to the stage. Perhaps this may be done. I don't see why it can't."

Moffett, Chicago

CHRYSTAL HERNE

Recently seen in Israel Zangwill's drama "The Melting Pot" at the Comedy Theatre

Nor I. Miss Ware will be a star next season, and stars have their prerogatives. A contract for five years with Henry B. Harris, and a search for a suitable play are present signs of future starhood.

Viewed in retrospect Miss Ware's career is a curious parallel of Blanche Bates'. Both daughters of the Pacific Coast, both began their livelihood earning as kindergarten teachers. For both the field proved too narrow. Miss Ware discovered the restrictions herself. Miss Bates, with a gleam of fun in her eye, explains how the head of the kindergarten gently assured her that she could achieve greater usefulness elsewhere. The law of gravitation in human events flung them into the same company. Miss Bates was a star. Miss Ware was chiefly a player of atmosphere. But Miss Bates' illness was Miss Ware's opportunity. The leading woman of the company didn't know the part. Miss Ware did know it, and she played the star part, Cigarette, in "Under Two Flags" for weeks because she was ready. There's a moral in this little tale if one looks for it.

"I talked to the graduating class of the American School of Dramatic Art the other day." Miss Ware had now quite forgotten the remaining trifles on her plate. "I had never done anything of that sort, but I was glad to tell them something about my own struggles. I thought it might prepare them for what I knew was before them. But I don't believe it did a bit of good. I don't doubt that they all sat there with folded arms, thinking, 'Miss Ware had trouble in getting on, but it will be different with me.' I was the same way. I was sure I'd be a star in five years at the outside. It has been ten."

"But it is a long way from an extra girl in Maude Adams' company to a star of your account in ten years, if you go as far in another ten years," I suggested.

"It seems a long time as you look forward, but a little while if you look back." Again Miss Ware looked out at the sun-flecked court. "I want to be remembered for the work after I am dead. I want to play Duse parts. I want to play Lady Macbeth some time. And I want to do some good by my acting.

"I have at home a letter that pleased me more than any criticism ever printed about my work. It is from one of the brothers at St. Xavier's College. He told me that he prayed that I might be an instrument of God in doing good by bringing the truths of life close to the hearts of men and women. He said he knew that every woman would be a better wife for having seen Annie Jeffreys in 'The Third Degree.' I want to deserve such letters as that from such men all my life."

There's another letter hangs framed in Helen Ware's room. Its writer she never met, but it bears N. C. Goodwin's whimsical autograph, and says that the performance of Annie Jeffreys is the best he has seen on the American stage for thirty years.

I told her that the struggler had always some objective thing in view as a reward for the successful struggle. A young singer wanted to succeed so that she might have a horse. An actress who wanted to earn an international reputation thought always of having a bijou apartment in Paris. Miss Ware said: "My ambitions never took either of those forms. I only want to do things for my relatives and friends who don't happen to have the chance to earn as much money as I do. The greatest pleasure I have ever had—" she stopped talking, and one knew she was getting close to the inner chamber of the young actress's heart when one saw the rainbow made by smiles and tears in her eyes—"was when my mother, who is a daughter of the American Revolution, sent me a circular explaining the jaunt to

(*Continued on page vii*)

Alfred Allmers (Brandon Tynan) Mrs. Rita Allmers (Mme. Nazimova)

Act III. Rita Allmers: "Hereafter we will go upward!"

SCENE IN HENRIK IBSEN'S "LITTLE EYOLF" AT NAZIMOVA'S THEATRE

Copyright F. W. Burford

SIR HERBERT TREE
As Marc Antony in his recent production of "Julius Caesar"

An Imaginary Conversation

MIDNIGHT. Broadway and Forty-second Street sparkles in its incandescence. The splendid genius of Edison is reflected in a myriad of lamps. The Great White Way is lighted to the full. Gin, whiskey, automobiles and Taffeta silk in their scintillating attestation illumine the path of him who knows no home. The warning honk! honk! of the taxi spurs the wary traveler to safe retreat. The clang! clang! of the trolley drives all before. The alfalfa is forgotten; the jentacular spirit of the metropolitan is abroad. The moon shines; the stars corruscate; still is it day for those who know no night. They meet; the Relict of the Palmy Days, the Youthful Arbiter of the Things that Theatrically Are.

THE REL: Give you good den fair sir! If that my mind doth play no trick, we've met before?

THE ARB: Sure! I met you at a smoker the Forty-second Street Country Club gave last month.

THE REL: Why right you are in the right. How does it, Sirrah?

THE ARB: You can't beat it. I'm full of dough and full of booze.

THE REL: The combination, sir, doth fit the ear. Let's hie us to an hostelry. If that you feel attuned to parley we'll talk of things, and in the interchange of thought improve our several minds.

THE ARB: You're on!

THE REL: Where yonder lights do glow there shall we find a safe and snug retreat.

(*Seated, The Arbiter calls loudly for help, which is promptly forthcoming.*)

THE REL: Here let us pour out a libation to the propitiatory gods.

THE ARB: That's classy. Here's how! (*The libation is poured.*) Say! have you seen the double bill at the New Theatre?

THE REL: I have.

THE ARB: Well, take it from me that "Brand" is punk. Damfino what it's all about.

THE REL: Your conclusion, sir, has critical merit. If in the expression of an idea you take two-thirds of the poet's context from his original scheme, it is likely to emerge clouded; if not entirely incomprehensible, I grant you. Ibsen is a philosopher, observer and poet, but not as presented in the 4th act of his Norwegian call to arms at the Too Big Theatre.

THE ARB: Blessed if I can see why Jon Johnson should have a look in at our swell playhouse anyhow.

THE REL: There are others who agree with you; Willie Winter please write. But as to "Sister Beatrice!"

(*Here the Relict, lifting a not over immaculate hand lightly tipped his lips, and wafting an imaginary osculation into the empyrean, resumed.*)

In the Maeterlinck the true note of art was struck. A something was accomplished. The golden rod of poetry blossomed into a flower that charmed the eye, satisfied the senses and stimulated the intellect. While I am native here and to the manner born, and cry a ban on predatory foreign art; yet do I say all hail to Rare Ben Greet for that great gift, the splendid Matthison. But why I cry you was good Maill forgot?

THE ARB: Maill? Where does he tend bar?

THE REL: Nay! nay! I mean that scholar rare of English birth who first transcribed the Belgian's verse into our dread vernacular. Methought 'twas good, but 'hap another Harvard man did need a job, and Knoblauch forthwith was employed to give th' original a novel swing.

THE ARB: Are they playing favorites on Central Park West?

THE REL: I would not say you that. But still methinks that those who do affect the crimson hue enjoy a cinch that hath a juicy tinge. Look you where Cambridge stalks her to the front. That Knoblauch same did pen "The Cottage in the Air"; "The Nigger," a play of splendid worth, a document of human, pregnant truth cropped from the brain of whose A. B. came from Eliot's fist; "The Witch," a sombre skit that with fanaticism, lust and blood did deal, was from a foreign source conveyed and dressed into our goodly tongue by one who teaches young ideas to shoot on banks of sparkling Charles, and if I hear aright, that self same "Brand" was from iambics changed to blank, blank verse by one

Otto Sarony Co.

MISS LULU GLASER WHO WILL BE SEEN SHORTLY IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY CALLED "ONE OF THE BOYS"

Moffett, Chicago

MISS HILDA SPONG

Prominent leading woman who formerly appeared in support of William H. Crane, and seen more recently as Murial Evers in "A Little Brother of the Rich"

who once a big H did affect. And if the rest be true, "Beethoven" from its Gallic font will into English be deployed by him who wields a Harvard quill.

THE ARB: Beans would seem to have the call. Do I take it that you ain't stuck on our new venture?

THE REL: Not over much. "Strife" was well done; "Don" is but a trifle that must soon effade; "Liz" died, she never should have seen the light; and Sheridan was twenty miles away when "School for Scandal" held the stage. While for the Bard! Ye gods! must glorious memory palsy and decay——

THE ARB: See here, I'm a college graduate even if I am a little woozy, but didn't that last effort of yours terminate in a weak ending?

THE REL: You chide me well. I'm breathed another cup. But who can think of those who've gone before; those Titans who have toyed and tossed the Demi-Atlas of the world and Egypt's siren queen up to the pinnacle of lasting fame; who still can think of Viola and wanton crew, Malvolio and the lovesick duke, and not grow faint to think that replicas which face us now shall pass as current for those marvelous rôles. Ye Gods! it doth amaze!

THE ARB: From what you've said I guess we'll have to pass up Mr. Ames and his dilletanti.

THE REL: 'Twere well indeed and yet mark you they mean us fair; but 'twixt the intent and th' accomplishment there yawns a chasm that portends a fearful drop.

THE ARB: Well, let 'em go at that. Is your hammer good for a little knock further down Broadway?

THE REL: Oh yes, the crimes which 'gainst the drama have been had are not confined by geographical detail. But to create and not destroy is marrow of the matter I would preach.

THE ARB: It sounds good, but does Charlie Frohman get a dent, or is that bald spot of his to be hidden with laurel leaves?

THE REL: Good sir, you have a nimble wit. But see the beaker, empty, stares me in the face. The rotund Charlie in the daily press gets all that's coming to him. And yet I fain would take the leave of criticizing some the things he does. Nay, rather what he leaves undone is subject of my plaint. I scan the list of what he has produced. Plays multitudinous confront the eye. But, oh, they are by those who've writ before and found a fame. I cannot, search me as I will, discern a name, unknown, that to the van he's pressed, a native name I mean. I may be wrong, but who of this our land has to the front been sped by his acclaiming and propulsive hand? I wait for a reply!

THE ARB: You won't get one from me because I guess you're right. I can't think of a single American author who had his first play produced by Charles Frohman.

THE REL: But if the local growth he passes by see how he feeds on foreign pasturage. Teuton he likes; he avid bites at what the Englishman projects, while to his chesty chest Rostand he takes especially since Paris sets her seal, and Chantecler will crow from coast to coast fed from his gracious hand. Would that a tithe of what he will expend on that same barnyard tale be paid to cheer a native poet up on his upward quest.

THE ARB: Forget that. If it took twenty years for an American composer to get a hearing at the Metropolitan, how many years do you think it will take for an American poet to get a hearing on Broadway?

THE REL: I cannot give you a wholesome answer. But if the Shuberts go on building theatres at the rate they are now doing *every* play will soon be needed, and there will not be an unengaged actor left on Broadway. Heaven haste the day!

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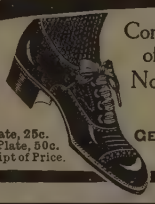

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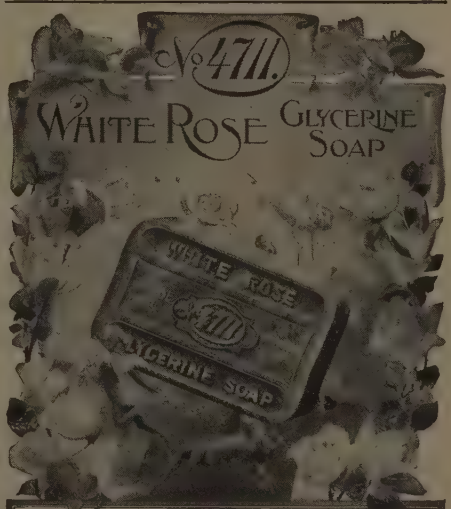

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The Actor and the Critic

(*Continued from page* 197)

distance, the pools and brooks, the rush-fringed rivers, the poplar and the willow, the old cobble church, the ruined arch above the village street, the simple rustic, the country inn, the home-brewed ale—give *me* England!—and damn these electric cars and cable cars, in a damned hot wilderness, where you can't drink the damned alkali water, and where every man has a right to spit upon your boots, slap you on the back, and brag in your ear; where ignorance and arrogance own the day, and where your gentleness, learning or gentility are cursed and derided! You won't like it—you *won't* like it! Sell it, and come and live with me and mine, in dear, still *old* England.

"Ever yours,
"RICHARD MANSFIELD."

Mansfield's despair in not finding plays is seen in a letter from California:

"SAN FRANCISCO, ON PRIVATE CAR,
"May 4, 1893.

"MY DEAR WINTER:

"I was both delighted and surprised to hear from you and to discover that you are so near—and yet so far. Certes I must see you! You will see from the enclosed that we will shortly be in your neighborhood, and where will you join us? It would, I presume, be futile to ask you to come here? Shall it be in Riverside? How I envy you—and yet rejoice to know of—that rest and peace you will find at Mentone. I should like to visit you and peek into it all; but I must hammer, hammer, hammer, on the hard, hard road; and there is no rest. Moreover, I am awake day and night, wondering what I am going to do next. Since nobody writes plays, and nobody cares for those that have been written, I am in the utmost despair. To present Shakespeare requires a fortune, and I will not risk the little I have saved, in one venture. Moreover, it is time somebody did a little acting, and if I'm to give out my money I would rather bestow it where it will accomplish some lasting benefit and not squander it in paint and canvas and tinsel, of which I have already a vast storehouse full, the contents of which won't fetch $5.00, and for which I pay $700 a year rent—like a d— fool! And spent $40,000 or more on the d—ed stuff. It's like that elephant you told me of; 'That damned beast eats a ton of hay for breakfast!' I'm for plays without scenery—and without costumes, and in the latter respect I think I shall be hitting the fancy of the present day on the very head! However, join me, and we will curse and damn everybody and everything to the Queen's taste—if she has any. . . .

"Yours ever,
"RICHARD MANSFIELD."

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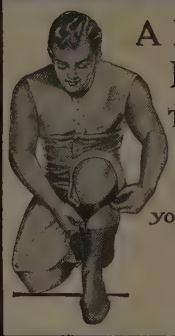

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Helen Ware—An Actress

(*Continued from page* 200)

be taken abroad, and said 'she wished I could go,' and I knew I was able to send her. We have had several letters from her. She is having a beautiful time."

We talked of those hard beginnings. Beginnings in any career are hard, but there fell to Helen Ware's lot an unusual poignancy of hopes snatched away while their taste was upon her lips, of disappointments of almost crushing weight and unexpectedness. But always work leavened the lump, and determination urged the lagging footsteps of despondency.

"I have always been glad of one thing," she said. "When I began acting, after the extra girl time when the girls laughed at me because I wore old shoes in the gipsy mob in 'The Little Minister' and the stage manager, Joseph Francoeur, who has since died, commended me for it, I had a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. I managed to save enough out of that to live on during vacations. I am glad that I learned to save.

"One summer I taught swimming at a public bath in the Hudson River, and from there I took the elevated train at Chatham Square and would change cars and go up on the West Side, and teach a vacation class. I saved eighty dollars that summer, and started to attend a dramatic school. I entered the freshman class, paying twenty dollars in advance.

"I did extra work and thinking parts with several stars. The first real part I had was with Rose Stahl in 'An American Gentleman.'"

The story of those strenuous ten years, how success came at last with Malvena, the gipsy girl, in "The Road to Yesterday," and Celia, in "The Kreutzer Sonata," and how Broadway lifted its jaded eyes, blinked and recognized a novel quality in this large eyed young woman, she told in detail, detail so full that she asked that no eye should see it all in print, so full that at the end I said:

"I've always found that a little bitterness toward some part or some person in the struggle remains. Is it not so with you?"

The blue-gray eyes looked again at something not visible to the spring-frocked tea drinkers that April afternoon.

"A little," she confessed, "in one instance. But it's growing less and less. And I hope that sometime I will have forgotten. I'm always glad of the Irish in me. It helps one to enjoy and it helps one to forget. At any rate, if one allows herself to be small enough to want revenge. The best revenge is success."

Her smile mingled with the afternoon sunshine, as her long, free step swung her into the kaleidoscopic afternoon procession on the Avenue.

ADA PATTERSON.

Chicago as a Producing Centre

(*Continued from page* 180)

managed the evening before to go by appropriating a uniform of the military instructor, Captain Baker, and representing himself to be that individual. He had fallen in love with a young girl at that dance, whose identity was unknown and who had accidentally dropped a dancing slipper in making her escape from the ballroom. He now discovers that she, like himself, is an undergraduate student at Siwash. Between keeping his unreasonable parent ignorant of the fact that his services are indispensable in the day's game and squaring himself with his newly-found love, after her discovery of his duplicity in regard to the military uniform, Tom spends a feverish day which culminates by his complete defiance of faculty and parental orders and by plunging into the game against Piute at a critical moment and winning a victory for Siwash. Forgiveness follows on the part of his Cinderella Girl.

William Norris is supported by a competent company of farceurs, including Myra Brooks, Mabel Mordaunt, R. P. Theadore, George Earl, Frank Wunderlee, Gertrude Dalton, Frederick Van Renssalaer, Ogden Stevens, Marguerite Snow, Maurice Cass, St. Clair Bayfield, Willis Brown, James Davis, members of the Piute's Baseball Nine and a chorus of college girls. Two songs are introduced by Mr. Norris, assisted by members of the company.

"The Echo," a musical comedy by William Le Baron and Deems Taylor, has opened at the Studebaker, and made a hit with Richard Carle in the stellar rôle. It will run indefinitely, perhaps all summer. Also Mabel Hite, in a farce called "A Certain Party," by O'Malley and Townsend, originally booked for 4 weeks at the Garrick, has been transferred to the Princess for an indefinite run.

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At the Playhouses

(Continued from page 177)

appears to have two husbands, and misunderstandings are not easily composed. At one time the actress is in a neighboring room with which communication is had by means of a telephone. This is a really amusing situation. The wife, who was about to elope, is enabled to turn the accuser of her own husband, her reputation is saved. Mabel Barrison flits through it all unscathed, and as if such experiences were of daily occurrence with her. Mr. Harry Conor goes through many humorous tribulations, and these two keep the farce going at an animated and agreeable pace. The piece is an adaptation of a French farce by Thompson Buchanan. The localization is very cleverly done. The play is of casual importance to all eager spendthrifts of time.

NAZIMOVA'S THEATRE. "LITTLE EYOLF." Play in three acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced April 18 with this cast:

Mrs. Rita Allmers, Mme. Nazimova; Miss Asta Allmers, Ida Conquest; Alfred Allmers, Brandon Tynan; Eyolf, Master George Tobin; The Rat-Wife, Gertrude Berkeley; Engineer Borgheim, Robert T. Haines.

What is "Little Eyolf," when reduced to plain terms, and without the aid of the empty phrases of William Archer and other commentators, but according to the impression derived from witnessing a performance of the play itself? Alfred Allmers is a landed proprietor; or, to define the situation better, he has married a woman with "gold and green forests," the gold being concrete, the green an adjective. It is necessary to note this distinction, for the forests seem to yield no revenue, but presumably they reach to "the heights," and their master wanders through them while he is cogitating on a book which he is writing on "Human Responsibility." After an absence of some days or weeks, during which he has been up on the heights, he returns home and announces to his wife, Rita, that he has determined to abandon his book and to henceforth devote himself to the education of their son, a cripple. Rita very pertinently remarks that he can finish the book and complete the boy at the same time. He does not think so. He has been up on the heights. The truth of the matter is, it is plain to infer, he had realized that the subject of human responsibility was too much of an undertaking for his mental grasp, or, perhaps, that the book was not worth writing. In any event, the book is one of Ibsen's ponderous nothings. Allmers had married Rita for her money, and so as to enable him to care for and educate his sister Asta. Rita was jealous of the book and of the sister, and now she gets jealous of the poor crippled boy. In fact, she hates the boy who is to be the object of the father's solicitous devotion. Ibsen drowns this little boy out of hand presently in the fjord, lets his crutch float and lets the body, under fathoms of pellucid water, stare up with wide open eyes. In a quarrel that they have after his death, Rita accuses the father of being responsible for the accident by which little Eyolf became a cripple. He reminds her of the occasion and charges her with the fault. He says that she left the helpless child unwatched upon the table. She: He was lying so comfortably among the cushions, and sleeping so soundly. And you had promised to look after him. He: Yes, I had (*lowering his voice*), but then you came—you, you, you—and lured me to you. She (*looking defiantly at him*): Oh, better own at once that you forgot the child and everything else. He (*in suppressed desperation*): Yes, that is true. (*Lower*) I forgot the child—in your arms.

She had lured him. She is a tall, well-developed blonde. Asta, the sister, is slim, of middle weight, with dark hair. In characterization Ibsen is always graphic and leaves nothing in doubt. He is luring Asta, Asta is luring him; Rita, after the quarrel, threatens to lure Engineer Borgheim, the road-builder, who is trying to lure Asta, as Asta finally lures him. The rat-wife lures Eyolf to the depths. The reason that Asta is so alluring to Allmers, who does not know it, is that Asta is not his sister at all, but the daughter of her mother, the second wife of Allmers' father, her stepfather. Her father is unknown. Asta discovers these facts in looking over some old letters, and communicates them to Allmers, who now has the idea of separating from his wife. Asta, who really loves Allmers, determines that it is best that she marry and go away with the Road-builder. It does not appear that the Roadbuilder was informed of her illegitimacy, from which we may infer Ibsen's private opinion in the matter of Wild Ducks. It required the Rat-wife to solve the situation. No Rat-wife, no play. The entirely well-balanced, entirely human dramatist would have worked it out without the intervention of superhuman means. But the Rat-wife

saves all this trouble. Eyolf is lured without any motive of his own consistent with his character. Ibsen is impressive in his characterizations and scenes, here and there, because he is definite, but when he is lured away from the real action by his philosophies he becomes indefinite and unimpressive. It is true that there is an impressionism in his use of the supernatural, shown or talked of, while the Rat-wife, as a symbol, is an interesting personality if nothing else. Allmers and his wife determine to devote their lives, after they have discovered what was wrong in their own lives, to the betterment of the condition of the poor but dishonest boys of the neighborhood. Little Eyolf is an interesting child. His boyish ambitions, which never can be realized, make a pathetic figure of him. He first appears in a uniform, wants to be a soldier, but the bad boys jeer at him; he intends to whip them, poor little fellow. The impression left by the play is that most people are vicious, that society is all wrong, that nothing is worth the while because none of us can get what we want, and that we want something that we should not get. It is not easy always to put your finger on Ibsen's main theme, there are so many of them, and they are not always coordinated, subordinated and differentiated. As a preachment against sensuality in marriage the play, in performance, may have its theme and lesson. But when seen in performance the play is tedious and unnecessarily offensive. Mme. Nazimova did the best she could with Rita. She does not interest us particularly in Rita. Perhaps it is not within the power of any actress to do so. The play interests mildly in the reading, but not at all in the acting. Ibsen's characters often act well when the play does not. Thus, Miss Ida Conquest made of Asta (or Asta made of her) an amiable young woman, with disappointed hopes, whose marriage with the estimable Roadbuilder is the irony of fate. Miss Gertrude Berkeley as the Rat-wife, in a single scene, was all that could be desired in a Rat-wife. Mr. Robert T. Haines, as Engineer Borgheim, was a relief, for there was nothing gnawing at him. Mr. Brandon Tynan as Allmers, a good actor, was duly unhappy in the part. Master George Tobin as Little Eyolf, a boy with, necessarily, no great experience or training, gets nearer to the hearts of an audience than all the others combined.

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LYRIC. "JIM THE PENMAN." Play in four acts by Sir Charles L. Young. Produced May 10 with this cast:

James Ralston, Wilton Lackaye; Louis Percival, Arthur Forrest; Baron Hartfeld, Theodore Roberts; Captain Redwood, John Mason; Lord Drelincourt, Thurlow Bergen; George Ralston, Ernest Glendinning; Mr. Chapstone, George Barnum; Mr. Netherby, Frederick Paulding; Dr. Petywise, Louise F. Hassen; Butler, J. H. Davies; Mrs. Ralston, Florence Roberts; Agnes Ralston, Marguerite Clark; Lady Duscombe, Jeffrys Lewis; Mrs. Chapstone, Grace Reals.

The revival of "Jim the Penman," with a cast of distinguished actors not identified with the original production, proved a success of unusual interest. When originally put forward by Mr. A. M. Palmer, at the Madison Square Theatre, it had every element of novelty. The author was unknown. The play signalized the return of Mr. Palmer to management after a year or two of retirement. Its success was accompanied by happy incidents in every direction. Agnes Booth reestablished herself in the admiration of the public. Her performance of Mrs. Ralston was the most notable of her career. It would be unprofitable to make a comparison of the various performances in the revival with those of the original production. The different means of expression used by different actors offer details of betterment as well as of shortcomings. It is sufficient to say that the present performance brings out the full value of the play. It is a melodrama, but its atmosphere is that of refinement. There is sentiment without sentimentality. There are situations that are thrilling without being explosive. The story is an uncommon one, but it fits into the actualities of modern life. Jim the Penman, reputable even now, and with a family so well placed socially that one of his daughters is about to marry an English Lord, has become affluent through systematic forgeries. He now finds himself in danger of exposure at the very moment when he has determined to retire from his life of crime. He has gained his wife by forging a letter from the man to whom she was engaged, in which he renounced her. All these forgeries come to light, but Jim the Penman, dying of heart failure, is not exposed, and his wife and children are spared. If one had never seen the play he could easily surmise from this bare reference that the action is filled with effective scenes. It is sufficient to refer to the names in

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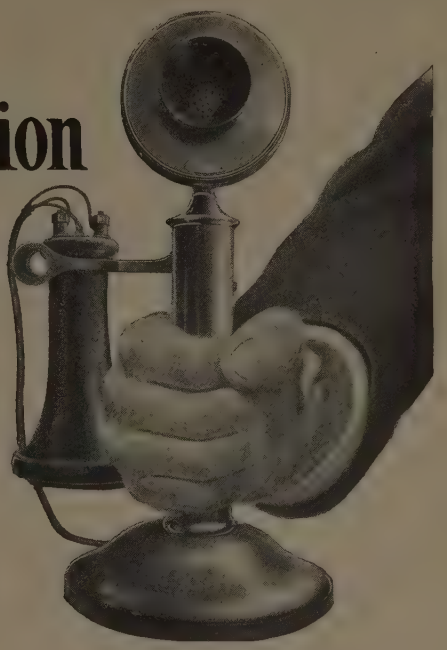

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This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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the cast to be assured of the distinctive excellence of the performance. Mr. Theodore Roberts was eminently successful in giving a new touch to the character of Baron Hartfeld, the active agent in the band of forgers. Mr. Wilton Lackaye, always forceful and largely independent of tradition, with means of expression of his own, played the part in his own way and satisfactorily. Miss Florence Roberts as Mrs. Ralston does not play the scene in which she discovers from a check that her husband must have forged the letter which separated her from the man she was to marry, and that he is a criminal, but she had the merit of acting with true feeling throughout. Mr. John Mason as Captain Redwood, the Detective, gave full effectiveness to the part. That full houses have attended these performances is sufficient proof of the unusual quality of the work of distinguished actors who have been happily brought together for the occasion.

BELASCO. "THE CALL OF THE CRICKET." Play in three acts by Edward Peple. Produced April 19 with this cast:

Rosalie, Mabel Taliaferro; Ben Judson, Joseph Brennan; Norman Marsh, Everett Butterfield; Fannie Marsh, Lillian Thacher; Mrs. Wrenwood, Emily Lytton; Rena Colebrook, Norma Mitchell; Sam Sheperd, William Harrigan; A Butler, Geo. Wright, Jr.

Edward Peple won instant popularity with "The Prince Chap," a play well constructed and full of charming sentiment delicately expressed. In his later plays this dramatist has been less successful. "The Call of the Cricket," his newest play written for Mabel Taliaferro, is almost devoid of plot and the interest is not sustained. "The Cricket" is a girl named Rosalie, the product of a Kentucky stock farm, who is spending the holidays with Fannie Marsh, daughter of exclusive Easterners. The unconventional child of nature finds the society people unsympathetic, especially Rena Colbrook, a haughty society belle, who is betrothed to Fannie Marsh's brother, Norman. This young man in a moment of pique proposes to and marries Rosalie, but soon grows tired of her, and the girl's uncle comes to take the broken "Cricket" back to the stock farm. But Norman finally relents, and the Cricket forgives him. The run of the play was abruptly interrupted by the illness of the star, and the season closed.

Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (May 15th): "Alias Jimmy Valentine," at Wallack's; "A Matinée Idol," at Daly's; "Caste," at the Empire; "Her Husband's Wife," at the Garrick; Hippodrome; "Jim the Penman," at the Lyric; "Little Eyolf," at Nazimova's, 39th Street; "Lulu's Husbands," at Maxine Elliott's; "Madame X," at the New Amsterdam; "Seven Days," at the Astor; "The Arcadians," at the Liberty; "The Bachelor's Baby," at the Criterion; "The Chocolate Soldier," at the Casino; "The City," at the Hackett; "The Climax," at Weber's; "The Dollar Princess," at the Knickerbocker; "The Fortune Hunter," at the Gaiety; "The Jolly Bachelors," at the Broadway; "The Lily," at the Stuyvesant; "The Lottery Man," at the Bijou; "The Old Town," at the Globe; "The Spendthrift," at the Hudson; "The Spitfire," at the Lyceum; "Tillie's Nightmare," at the Herald Square.

Naturalness in Stage Management

The theory of naturalness in stage management is not carried out with equal success. Naturalness, when it is used as a commercial commodity, and in large quantities of trifling detail, can only be pleasing to those simple minds that can hardly span a single octave of human thought, and which, on certain nights, by the strangest combination of circumstance, fill the theatre. We believe that when the stage manager learns his business his bits of naturalness will finally reach the level of common sense, but at present he seems to use a card index system of bits of naturalness used in other plays and overburdening the doings of the moment. His *tour de force* is the serving of a dinner or the suppressed dancing of a girl to a snatch of music on a piano. We do not pretend to deplore the use of a chafing dish at a dinner; we would not relegate a property chicken to the limbo of the past; we do not object to having lumps of sugar put in a cup of coffee; but we do have a certain disinclination for the overdramatized dinner table. We do not insist that when a spirited girl toasting a piece of bread throws it across the room at the head of a loving swain it should be a part of the plot, for we must allow some latitude for action and incident, but we are disturbed by an undue amount of piffle.

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

M. D., Boston.—Q.—Who played the leading part in the first production of "The Stubbornness of Geraldine?" A.—Mary Mannering.

Enthusiastic Admirer.—Q.—Have you interviewed Mary Garden? A.—An article in our March, 1908, issue gives an account of the life and career of Mary Garden.

Eli Yale.—Q.—Did Nora Bayes ever appear with Sam Bernard in "Nearly a Hero?" A.—Not to our knowledge.

E. Donaldson.—Q.—Did Virginia Earle appear in "Lifting the Lid" at the New Amsterdam Aerial Gardens in the summer of 1905? A.—Yes.

Miss F. J., Erie, Penna.—Q.—What are the names of the man and girl who take the parts of the lovers in the moving picture film called "The Course of True Love?" A.—Ask the company who made the films.

Gladys M., San Francisco.—Nance O'Neil's success in the rôle of Odette in "The Lily" undoubtedly places her in the first rank of our foremost emotional actresses.

Mona.—Q.—Who will be Julia Marlowe's leading man? A.—Miss Marlowe is at present co-starring with Mr. E. H. Sothern. Q.—Has Pauline Frederick retired permanently from the stage? A.—It was so announced.

C. R. C., Boston.—Q.—In what numbers appeared scenes from "Mother Goose," "The Follies of 1907" and "The Follies of 1908?" A.—Scenes from "The Follies of 1908" appeared in our August, 1908, issue. We did not publish scenes from the other plays you name.

Paul Kent.—Q.—Who was the leading woman in "The Fourth Estate," recently at Wallack's, and where could I get a portrait of her? A.—Pauline Frederick, who played the part of Judith Bartelmy. Large portraits of her have appeared in our May and October issues of 1909.

R. E. W., Bridgeport.—Q.—How is it possible to dispose of a vaudeville sketch? A.—You might place your sketch in the hands of a play broker, or send it direct to a player to whom you think it might appeal.

V. C. G., Boston.—Q.—Name the opera singers about whom you have published articles. A.—They are so numerous that it is impossible to name all. The most recent include Edmond Clement, March, 1910; Lina Cavalieri, February, 1910; Andreas Dippel, January, 1910; Leo Slezak, August, 1909; Minnie Saltzmann-Stevens, August, 1909; Mlle. Gerville-Réache, January, 1909; Maria Labia, February, 1909; Berta Morena, May, 1909; Adelina Patti, April, 1909; Luisa Tetrazzini, March, 1908; Mary Garden, March, 1908; Gatti-Casazza, December, 1908; Maurice Renaud, January, 1908; Giovanni Zenatello, February, 1908. Q.—Will Maurice Renaud sing with the Metropolitan Opera Company next season? A.—Probably.

M. J., Superior, Wis.—Q.—Where may I obtain a complete list of the criticisms of plays worthy of notice produced last season? A.—We can only refer you to the past issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

A. M. B., Tenth and Clinton St., Phila.—Q.—Will you publish pictures of Edwin Arden in "Via Wireless" and in "Israel"? A.—Mr. Arden is seen in "Israel" in our December, 1909, number. We have not published a picture of him in the character he assumed in "Via Wireless." In October, 1906, and the September, 1905, numbers there have appeared a number of portraits in private dress of Mr. Arden.

E. M. K., Va.—If you will refer to this column in back issues of the THEATRE you will find your questions have been answered. We repeat here the cast of "The Gay Musician" as it was produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York: Eugene Dubois, Walter Percival; Mr. Sam'l Lyons, Edw. Martindell; The Hon. Clarence Beresford, Chas. Wellesley; Capt. George Fish, Jos. C. Miron; A. Corker, Chas. Campbell; Hank Hickory, L. R. Lefferson; Harry Woods, F. W. Faber; Walter Baker, Eugene Herbert; John Smith, Thos. B. McCormick; Maude Granville, Amelia Stone; Marie Dubois, Sophie Brandt; Matilda Yager, Georgina Neuendorff; Hilda Branson, Olga Von Hatzfeld; Kitty Connor, Grace Townsend; Suzanne, Dollie Eads; Delia, Katherine Howard; Dorothy, Florence Lindley; Helen Knowles, Francesca Le Clair; Olie Weber, Gabrielle Bacot; Lilly Sherwood, Jean Erickson.

C. Hopper.—Edwin Stevens appeared in the title rôle of the production of "The Devil" at the Garden Theatre, beginning 1908. Henry Dixey did not appear in this play, to our knowledge.

Paul, J. B., Winnipeg—For the producing rights of New York successes it is necessary to deal directly with the owner of the play in question.

A New Subscriber—Q.—Where may I obtain good photographs of Mary Garden in character and private dress? A.—The pages of our magazine have, from time to time, reproduced many portraits of Mary Garden. We are unable, however, to tell you where photographs may be purchased. Q.—Can you give me an account of her life? A.—Mary Garden was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. When but six years of age she was brought to this country, making her home in Brooklyn, and later moving to Chicopee, Mass. From early childhood she has studied music, her parents intending to make her a violinist. When fourteen her family settled in Chicago and at sixteen she began her real study to become a singer. At twenty Miss Garden went to Paris, where for two years she was under the instruction of Trabodella and Chevalier and Fugère. Through her acquaintance with Mme. Sybil Sanderson, the famous prima donna, she sang before the directors of the Opera Comique; later in the same year she made her début as a prima donna. Mlle. Rioton, who was appearing as Louise in Charpentier's opera, which was then the rage in Paris, fell ill during a performance, and Mary Garden, being the only one who knew the rôle, was implored by the management to go on and finish. Instantly she won favor, and for one hundred nights thereafter sang the rôle. Next she was heard in London, and in 1907 she made her début in this country in the title rôle in "Thaïs." The success which followed her appearance here is well known.

J. B., Jr., St. George, N. Y.—Submit your play to any of the leading producing managers, or place it in the hands of a play-broker.

A. B., Denver, Colo.—Q.—In what company is Edith Taliaferro playing? A.—She was last seen in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Q.—Is it likely "Polly of the Circus" will be seen on the road again next season? A.—It is. Q.—In what issue of your magazine was there an account of Maude Adams' performance of "Joan of Arc" in the Stadium at Harvard? A.—August, 1909.

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Some New Books

THE DRAMATIC INDEX, published by the Boston Book Company, gives titles of plays and names of actors, actresses, and playwrights, and all text and pictures relating thereto that have been published in the periodical literature of England and America during 1909. Many thousands of portraits of all the actors and actresses are referred to as well as scenes from plays, synopses of plots, and texts of dramas. Wherever possible, the birth dates and real names of stage folk have been given, and cross references are made from the dramatists and librettists to the plays that they have helped produce. It would seem to be, therefore, a most valuable index for all librarians, dramatic critics, and, in fact, for anyone interested in the modern stage.

QUESTIONS AT ISSUE IN OUR ENGLISH SPEECH. By Edwin W. Bowen, Ph.D. Broadway Publishing Company, New York.

To all who are interested in the study of the English language this book will be of value. There are many aspects of the subject which admit of scientific discussion, and yet there are so many things that are personal to us in daily usage and observation that the chapters of the book are in the nature of entertaining and instructive gossip. Thus, to the actor the account of various pronunciations and their changes should be of practical interest. The various chapters are: Our English Spelling of Yesterday, Why Antiquated; A Question of Preference in English Spelling; Authority in English Pronunciation; Vulgarisms with a Pedigree; Briticisms versus Americanisms; What Is Slang? Standard English, How It Arose and How It Is Maintained.

THE ELIZABETHAN PEOPLE. By Henry Thaw Stephenson, Associate Professor of English, Indiana University, New York. Henry Holt and Company, 1910. $2 net.

In "The Elizabethan People," Mr. Stephenson follows up his "Shakespeare's London," a book which was stimulating in that it refreshingly proved that the subject was not exhausted by a further minute study of life in England in Shakespeare's time. The process which he so largely uses of collating passages from plays and various writers of that period is a simple one, and not at all difficult, but it is not easy to give complete pictures, or to draw safe deductions from these fragments. At the same time, Mr. Stephenson's researches have been made in London itself as well as in books, and he has unearthed many new points and facts that are unquestionably authentic. His present book, as he modestly says in conclusion, "may serve, if but inadequately, to help the modern reader to an easier and more complete comprehension of those great Elizabethan writings to which this book aspires to be no more than a humble footnote." Everyone familiar with Shakespeare's plays will find it both entertaining and illuminating. He discusses the Elizabethan character, the manners and habits of the people in the country and in the town, their amusements, their rural sports, their celebrations, love of spectacles, superstitions, their customs at birth, baptism, marriage and death, their belief in ghosts, fairies and witches, and their public and domestic life in detail.

The book is supplied with sixty illustrations in which are particularly portrayed the architecture, dress and furniture. It appears that odd fashions in the dress of men were carried to an extreme, the starched ruff or collar gaining such monstrous proportions that one at a feast was as if quarantined. The people were accustomed to scenes of brutal punishment, the gibbet with its victim to be seen at every hand. Robberies and fights were common occurrences. All these facts are familiar enough, but they are minutely set forth, with many passages from plays. All this is very curious, instructive and helpful to the student, but the elevation of thought and the general refinement of feeling to be found in the Elizabethan dramatists do not entirely conform to the deductions that might be made from the rude externals of life. No doubt some of these incidents of life are more curious than significant. Many of the evils are of a passing kind. Certain conditions of fifty years ago would be abhorrent to us now, but it may be doubted if we are a better people than we were before the introduction of sanitary plumbing and the immediate access to the bathtub. That people slept naked and knew nothing of flannel or linen, for nightwear is perhaps not a very important circumstance of life. In its newness the book is almost indispensable to the reader of the Elizabethan dramatists, but it is not altogether conclusive as to the mental condition of the whole people of that period.

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Congratulates the THEATRE

CONGRATULATIONS to the THEATRE MAGAZINE of New York, which celebrated its tenth birthday with the May number. It began interestingly and has grown in every way in the decade of its life. In fact, it has become so good that, looking forward to another ten years, I can see but scant chance for greater improvement.

As it now is, it measures up to the possibilities of a magazine of the stage. It covers the whole field of theatricals, with especial attention to the American stage, and it does this brilliantly, justly and with the authority of learning, skill, experience and sympathy.

Other periodicals of this nature have lived short lives, because they have been either the outcroppings of spleen or a distorted brilliancy that would sacrifice truth to an epigram or, in far more cases, because they were the mere organs of the business side of the theatre.

The THEATRE has lived and prospered because it went in partnership with its readers, instead of the box-office and the dressing-room, and has been edited with their interests solely in view. And this explains why it has grown from the five thousand readers of its first year to the three hundred thousand, scattered in all parts of the globe, who look forward to its monthly visit as not the least valuable of their theatrical delights.

Its editor is wise enough to know when to be academic and when legitimately gossipy; he secures writers who are skilled in both classes of writing and its pictures are a delight. They are many, timely and always artistic. —*Cleveland Leader.*

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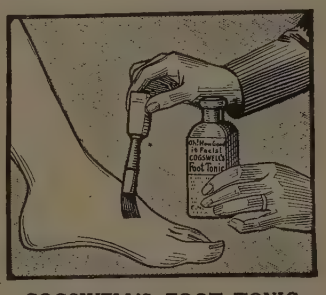

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Plays in Library of Congress

Has the public access to the manuscript copies of new plays which are sent to Washington in order to secure copyright? W. P. Watts, writing in the Washington *Post*, declares that it is an almost hopeless task to find a copyright play in the Library of Congress, although they are officially placed at the public disposal. Says Mr. Watts:

The establishment of a separate division of drama in the Library of Congress, has for some time been of great interest to the theatrical profession, and must be to the public generally. The disadvantages of the present system of cataloguing and caring for copyrighted plays are of such a character that they tend to discourage the library's usefulness toward the growth of dramatic literature in this country.

There is at present in the library a separate division of music and one of prints. In these divisions all books relating to art and music are segregated and carefully arranged in an attractive and accessible form, that with the help of a separate catalogue in each division, the public has a chance to see what books are in the library, on these subjects, and the best of opportunities to study and examine them.

All other books are accessible to the public through the main reading room. Surrounding this reading room are alcoves especially devoted to theology, history, law, medicine, political science, belles lettres, and in each alcove are arranged the most important books on these subjects, so that the reader may browse among the books he is interested in and study them without the trouble of trying to get what he wants by an unsatisfactory and often unprofitable consultation of an elaborate catalogue.

One looks in vain for any such separation and access to books of dramatic literature. In the alcoves the only plays are those of Shakespeare, taking up three shelves, and a few collections of the old dramatists, taking up three more, put in with a number of books on English literature. In the catalogue one finds, with few exceptions, only those plays that have been published in book form and are or have been on sale at the book stores.

To find a copyrighted play that had never been published is an almost hopeless task, unless one is familiar with the methods of the library and knows how to go about getting what is wanted. It is probably not in the catalogue, but if one were persistent and determined to see the book, and convinced the proper officials that it was in the library, he would probably be met with the unsatisfactory statement that it was not in, or not on the shelves. And this would be quite true, for the typewritten copyrighted plays are not in the stacks connecting with the reading room, and, though they are officially placed at its call, it is significant that they are almost never called for.

These plays when they come into the library for copyright are stored away in the subterranean vaults of the copyright office, and there the majority of them stay, never to be touched by interested hands, perhaps never to see the light of day again. In this tomb of American dramatic literature are buried the energies and hopes of many an unknown dramatist, and his worth as a playwright we must leave to a few theatrical managers, the only people who have a chance to read his work. In these vaults there must certainly be a wealth of material of incalculable value to our dramatists of to-day, but as no one has proper or profitable access to it, the profession is handicapped as no other profession is, by not having an opportunity to study and examine the work of contemporaries.

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Provisions of Coquelin's Will

The will of the late Constant Coquelin has been proved. He left $40,000 to the Home for Actors founded by him; $20,000 to be divided equally between his nieces, Marie Magnard and Jeanne Trefouël; $10,000 to his brother, Gustave Coquelin; $2,000 to August Chabert, and $20,000 in trust to Gillet, "the most honest and devoted of servants," to provide him with an annuity. He left the bust of Gambetta, by Carnes, to his friend, Eugene Etienne, and the Gringoir, by Madeleine Lemaire, to August Chabert. The will states: "Apart from these few legacies, my son is therefore, of course, the universal legatee of what I have had so much trouble in earning. I beg of him to be sparing of it, and if he does not marry, to leave whatever remains thereof to the Association of Dramatic Artists, upon the committee of which I would like him to sit, if he share my ideas, and to succeed me some day in the presidency of that association."—*Dramatic Mirror.*

Facts Worth Knowing

Many people suffer severely from their feet during warm weather, causing them to be nervous and irritable. A great deal of this suffering can be avoided by the right treatment of the feet. Hot pavements cause the feet untoward discomfort; even the healthiest feet are apt to swell and ache during the long summer days. There is nothing so good, or anything which brings such quick relief from this suffering as a cooling tonic, which acts on the nerves of the feet. Moisture being the chief cause of those great annoyances—soft corns—a specially prepared powder is necessary to absorb the moisture, and an excellent powder is made which not only keeps the feet free from moisture, but aids in keeping them cool. Furthermore, massaging the feet with a healing ointment is particularly desirable. This should be rubbed into the callous spots, and around the nails; then quite a vigorous massage should be given, beginning at the toes and working up. I can highly recommend all these preparations from long personal use.

A luxury, which is also a necessity for summer use, is bath powder. Some women use ammonia for the purpose of softening the water, but this is too drying for many skins. An excellent bath powder, which softens the water and at the same time perfumes it deliciously, will be found exhilarating in its effect on the skin and nerves. Try it on the face, neck and arms when dressing for dinner, and you will quickly realize its great value, and wonder how you ever did without it. It comes in large and small packages, and there are trial packages to be had which are sufficiently large for one bath that may be obtained on application.

It is essential for every fashionable woman to retain her youthful figure. Good living means generally the putting on of flesh after the age of thirty. A strict adherence to a diet is almost impossible if one goes much into society. Drugs are eschewed by women who value their physical health, because the after effects of drugs taken for reduction purposes are so apt to be irradicable and to produce premature wrinkles in the face. Besides drugs do not take off the flesh in the spots desired, but reduce the entire body. Hence, the rubber garments which have been devised by a reliable physician have met with a hearty welcome from those women who want to preserve their youthful figures as well as those who desire to get rid of superfluous flesh. There are special garments for every part of the body. A friend, who is well known both here and in Europe, tells me that she dons her rubber suit two or three times a week just to keep her figure to its youthful size. The rubber induces perspiration, thus actually making the adipose tissue melt away, and all this without any bad effects upon the health, and the proper garments reduce the flesh exactly where required.

A cream which will nourish the skin, and at the same time contains no vaseline, lanoline or any compound which stimulates the growth of hair on the face and neck, is an article which I have long sought, and having found, I am glad to make it known to the readers of this column. It affords nutriment to the cellular tissue beneath the surface, the depletion of which causes wrinkles. Thus its use assists in retaining the complexion in the softness and fulness of youth and health.

With every woman devoted to the vogue of thin silk or lisle stockings the fact that there is now an article to be found which will keep the toes from wearing out quickly will come as blessed news. This is a woven toe protector, which comes in natural colored silk or lisle, and is intended to be slipped over the toes before the stocking is put on. It is so shaped that it is said not to wrinkle or feel uncomfortable when worn. Sizes also come suitable for men's wear, all of which should be welcome facts to the women who abhor darning, and who of us does not?

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

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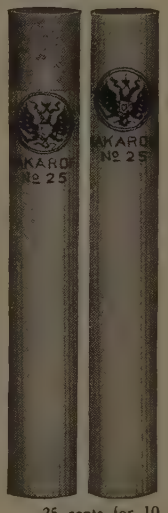

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Monthly Fashion Notes from Far and Near

A PROMENADE on upper Fifth Avenue in the exclusive shopping district and the smart residential sections of the town any of the bright Spring mornings of the past month has been a sartorial treat for all those who admire well-dressed women. For it is in these quarters that one sees the best expressions of the latest modes worn by women of graceful and elegant carriage.

A peep at the entrance to the bridal path in Central Park gives one a glimpse at the smart styles in riding toggery. Here one sees the straight-brimmed derby has gained a considerable hold, though young girls generally wear the smart little tricorne made of rough shining straw. The long, almost fitted riding coat, which comes down a bit over the sides of the horse when the rider is in position, is the one mostly worn by the older women, while the younger element wear loose-fitting sack coats. These are made of black cloth, or of tan covert and whipcord.

The safety side saddle skirt is the one which is the rule for park riding, but for country wear many women have adopted the bifurcated which permits them riding astride the horse. These divided riding skirts have been so much improved in cut and workmanship within recent years that they are quite as attractive in aspect as the safety skirts.

Color plays no part in the fashionable riding habit. The white linen, pique stock or madras stock with cross-over tie attached is the favored form of neckwear. Everything about the correct riding habit is inconspicuous and in good taste, even the buttons are made of the material, and there are no more of them than is absolutely necessary. Linen and heavy cotton materials in tan, gray and even white are to be used for the Summer riding habit. Knickerbockers, of a soft woven material, generally silk or wool jersey are worn beneath the habit, and are considered quite sufficient covering when high boots are worn.

Black and white shepherd's checks are sometimes used for the construction of the cloth riding habit. But imagine such a habit

Photo Manuel

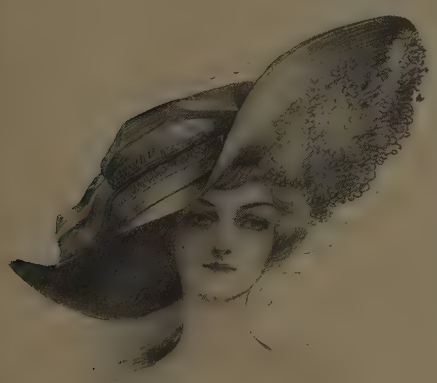
Charming afternoon costume of king's blue satin cloth over black satin charmeuse with trimmings of black velvet and crochet buttons. The yoke and undersleeves are of coarse écru linen embroidered in gold. Made by Henry & Co., 34 Rue Taitbout, Paris

Photo Manuel

Mlle. Delsause, of the Opera, in an Empire blue broadcloth wrap trimmed with wide bands of satin of a darker shade, and lined with the same satin. This novel garment was made by Green & Co., 23 Rue de la Paix, Paris

trimmed with black jet buttons! This is what I saw worn on the stage the other night by a popular young actress, who really should have known better. And she added insult to injury by wearing a black straw tricorne trimmed with a big white aigrette. Needless to say her habit was everything it should not have been.

For the early Spring and Fall a long coat is a requisite to wear over the riding habit as the rider goes to and from the park, for most women nowadays have their mounts meet them at the park entrance, or go to the nearby stables. These coats are made of the rough cloths which are now so fashionable. One of the most stunning ones



Hat from L. F. Castle Co.

seen lately was of polo cloth, the same material made popular by the English polo riders, and which bids fair to be one of the most desirable materials for the long coat next Winter. It comes in both tan and white, and the latter will make up well into an ideal evening garment for a young girl. It is quite a woolly material, and in either tan or white will be a splendid fabric for the motor coat when trimmed with a long haired, dark fur collar and cuffs.

Speaking of motor coats, Blanche Ring became so enthusiastic over the Grean auto-habit made for her to wear in "The Yankee Girl" by that clever tailor, that she not only ordered one for her personal use, but donated one to the Actors' Fund Fair, where it created no end of a sensation. The stage garment was made of blue and white diagonal silk trimmed with red leather, while that ordered by Miss Ring for her own use is of blue wide wale diagonal cloth trimmed with blue leather. This auto-habit is so made that not a speck of dust can reach the gown worn beneath it, and it has the further advantages of allowing the driver of her own motor car freedom of movement for the feet, yet at the same time is a natty garment when she descends from the car.

A friend writes me from Paris that there is a great diversity of styles in the Spring tailor-mades. Jackets are all short, half

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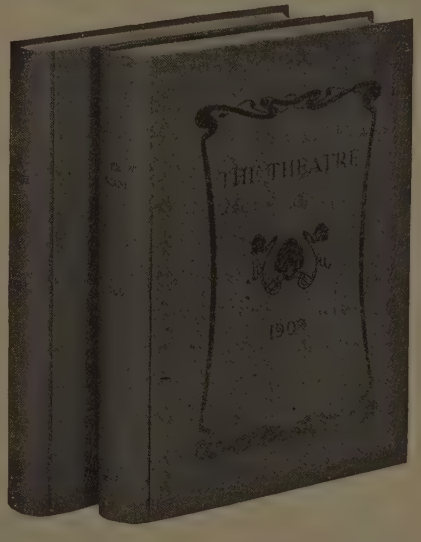

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Pink mousseline and black lace, gold trimming. By Vaganey, Paris

long, that is, the favorite is the finger length, which is obtained by allowing the arm to fall at the side and extending the forefinger. A few houses have tried to launch the jacket above the waistline, but thus far it has not been successful. However, it will probably be launched with greater effect at the time of the big race meets at Auteuil and Longchamps.

Sleeves are often cut in one with the back and front of the jacket, which requires a cleverness of cut, and is often difficult of execution, but when well done lifts the garment quite out of the ordinary. Many of the latest Paris coats have an opening, real or simulated, over the hips, which is a pretty movement and is used as the pretext for ornamentation in the way of buttons, braid and bands of the material. Others have the hips adorned with big flap pocket effects produced by braiding. Backs are invariably cut to fit the figure, and it is in the revers, the buttoning and the collars that each jacket seems to differ from every other. The cut of the jackets is very complicated; basques are attached here or there according to the individual taste, closings go from left to right, or from right to left, according to fancy.

French skirts are also made with complicated cuts. They are always straight, and the evident desire is to accentuate the narrowness at the bottom. There is absolutely no flare to them, even the bias seam at the back being obliterated. Some are made straight and flat front and back, and with a slight fulness at the sides, which is invariably held in below the knees by a wide, straight band, which is called over there a martingale. It looks now as though the martingale skirt would be a favorite one in this country next Fall. A very stunning one which I saw on the avenue the other day was made of blue serge with plain straight front and back with the martingale cut in one with these pieces, but otherwise unattached to the skirt. This would be a smart style to work up in voile and satin, the voile being shirred to the belt over the hips and then allowed to fall beneath the satin martingale, which would keep it well in to the figure. It would also be good in foulard combined with Salome silk. You have no idea how stunning this combination of figured foulard with the plain Salome silk is until you see it. A jacket of the Salome silk completed a costume of Bleriot blue foulard which I saw shown the other day. The costume was trimmed with wide straps of the Salome silk about the skirt, and there were also wide straps which crossed on the bodice in fichu style.

The fair Parisienne has exhibited such a fondness for the short skirt that the French shoemakers have been forced to recognize the fact that the elongated shape which they have favored for so long does not meet the requirements of the tailored suit or costume made with the instep length skirt. Therefore the French shoe has within the past few months undergone a veritable transformation. The long, narrow shape of last summer has been superseded by the short vamp, the American shape as it is called over there. Hellerstern, who occupies the same position in shoe fashions that Slater does here, has launched the Cuban heel for walking purposes and the Louis XV. for carriage and evening wear with the short vamped shoes. Black, gray and champagne buckskin and patent are the leathers and colors he concedes to

Photo Felix

Mlle. Saulier, of the Theatre des Variétés, in a lovely evening gown of supple white satin with tunic of crystal beads, having a panel front of elaborately beaded design. The use of fringe is especially to be noted in this costume. Made by Redfern, Paris

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Photo Bert
The Countesse Leopoldina in an evening gown of sky blue satin charmeuse veiled with a white net tunic embroidered in gold, the drapery at the side being caught by small gold roses, which also embellish the corsage. Made by Vaganey, Paris

be correct for general wear, and he advocates shoes to match the color of the costumes for more formal occasions. For evening wear he is making the daintiest imaginable slippers of white satin covered with black Chantilly lace, and of cloth of gold covered with white lace. The trimmings are rosettes of black velvet with strass buckles. The Grand Frederic, which is the place par excellence for smart styles in stockings, is showing black silk with the lower portions almost entirely of black Chantilly lace. Then there are silk hose decorated with embroidery or lace insets, and the sheer lisle thread hose in plain and openwork effects which are dyed to match the shoes and gowns. So that, after all, the New York elegant is not so far behind her Parisian sister so far as having the smart styles in shoes and stockings at her command.

Black and white shepherds' checks are much used for tailored suits. White and black costumes are favored by most of the leading dressmakers, but make no mistake by thinking that these magpie costumes are economical because of their inconspicuousness. Just the contrary is the fact so far as the fashionable costume is concerned. Its wearer will be known by her black and white costume if she dons it more than half a dozen times. For the fashion idea is now to add a touch of brilliant color to what might otherwise be a costume to be depended upon for countless occasions. Thus a band of brilliant red is laid beneath the tunic drapery of a white lace gown, which also veils a wide band of black Chantilly lace. Or bright apple green is used to offset the too sombre tone of a black lace tunic made over a white satin foundation.

The fashion is decidedly for veilings in afternoon and evening costumes, and these veilings take the form of tunics and over draperies of lace, gauze, voile, marquisette or other transparent material. Silk, metal and bead embroideries are placed on the underdress, so that the veiling tones down the bright colors. Even ribbons and sashes are sewed beneath the outer dress of transparent material. The martingale skirt is without doubt the skirt for the dressy toilettes. No petticoat is worn with it.

Fabrics with Persian designs are well liked by the artistic French women. These Oriental colorings are toned down by a silvery finish that is most entrancing. It is only among a few of the imported costumes that these materials are yet seen in this country. Satin, crêpe, voile, marquisette, tussor silk are all made with borders showing the Oriental colorings. Sometimes the Persian printed materials are used for the entire gown, sometimes only for garnitures.

The colors favored for tailored suits in Paris are dune, greenish gray, burnt bread, old red, dead rose and blue from the darkest to almost the lightest shade. Savonerrie is the new blue, which is of a dull light tone. For elaborate costumes, blue, green, yellow and old gold are much favored.

Sleeves are all narrow. Full length for tailored suits is the general rule to which there are few if any exceptions. For costumes the selection of the sleeve length is a matter of individual

Photo Felix
Mlle. Darcourt, of the Theatre de la Renaissance. Tea-gown of bottle green mousseline de soie on a cloth of silver foundation, which is first veiled with a fine greenish gold lace. This elegant gown is from Martial & Armand, Paris

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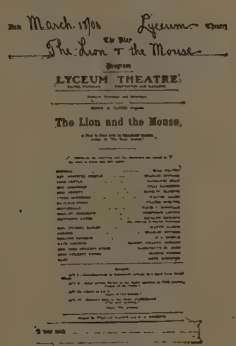
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Specimen Pages

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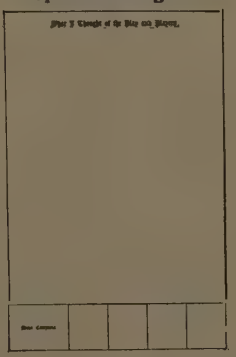

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. 26 WEST 33RD ST. N.Y.

A lovely combination in black and yellow is this black straw turban with its frill of deep butter-colored lace and simple trimming of double faced satin ribbon of black and butter tones. Made by Carlier, Paris

Photos Manuel

For the races is this stunning hat of black tagal with a crown of lavender hyacinths and drapery of pale blue velvet ribbon. Made by Carlier, Paris

Smart toque of coarse and lustrous blue straw ornamented with fancy feathers in a combination of colors. Just the thing for traveling and general wear is this creation of Eliane, 79 Rue des Petits Champs, Paris

taste, since the dressmakers show elbow, three quarter and full length sleeves. Without doubt the shorter lengths will be more fashionable for the warm weather, though if a woman has not been endowed by Dame Nature with a well shaped and tinted arm, she will be on the safe side to conceal it under a filmy covering of lace in the form of a deep, tight fitting cuff.

The hats this Spring are certainly much more becoming than they were a year ago. The shape this season which is becoming already over-popular is the one with a broad brim turned up at the left side. It seems as though almost every other woman one meets on the street was wearing it. I like particularly those elongated affairs with the graduated upturned brim. This has the narrow part of the brim at the right side, and then it rises towards the left so that at the back it is often higher than the crown. This boat shaped hat is worn on the bias and is particularly beautiful in black trimmed with colored ostrich plumes.

Some of the smartest hats are quite small, and set fairly well down on the head. It all depends upon how a woman puts them on whether they are stylish or just the reverse, and it seems as though the women one sees on the street had made decided advances in this respect. A prominent society woman said not long ago: "Why, when I get a new hat I sometimes spend an hour putting it on before I find just the most becoming angle for it. Then I mark what I intend to be the centre front, and after that it only takes me a few seconds to put it on and arrange my veil." Would that all women tried this method. A French milliner pays no more attention to the front wire of a hat when she is fitting a customer than if it did not exist. If she finds it looks, or rather that the customer looks better if a side wire is made with the front one, she does not hesitate. Then, too, there is always the ever ready bandeau, which is used to tip it at the right angle. It may only be a quarter of a circle, or in other cases a half one which is required. But one thing she never does, she never tries to make a hat that is miles too big for a woman fit her head by means of an all round bandeau. She makes a smaller hat for the small head. Another thing, the French milliner has plenty of swinging mirrors, and she invites the customer to view herself in the standing position as well as seated. Certainly this is most desirable since when wearing a hat women are more in the public eye when standing than when seated.

In the course of my peregrinations the other day I came across a bathing cap which must be seen to be appreciated. This is the invention of that clever milliner, Lichtenstein, and is to be had only at his establishment on the avenue just above Sherry's. It is made of rubberized silk, and so constructed that it is impossible for the water to penetrate. Not only does it have this valuable attribute, but the equally valuable one of becomingness. That goes without saying when one remembers the creator of this cap.

Photo Felix

Evening hat of natural colored leghorn faced with fancy straw in the national blue tone and ornamented with ostrich feathers of the same shade. Made by Alphonsine, Paris

Photo Felix

Picture hat of white crin ornamented with pink plumes. Made by Dalnys, Paris

Photo Manuel

Charming street hat of black tagal straw faced with poppy red crêpe, the crown covered with large poppies. Made by Eliane, 79 Rue des Petits Champs, Paris

Photo Manuel

Copper colored racing costume made of warp Henrietta cloth and liberty satin. The plain skirt and sleeves cut in one with the body of the coat are especially to be noted in this creation of Crouzier, Paris

Photo Felix

Street costume of cherry silk crepon with embroideries in cherry and gold, and novel arrangement of crepon buttons framed in black velvet. An elegant creation of Zimmermann, Paris

Photo Felix

Smart afternoon costume of deep blue mousseline de soie over a Persian printed voile foundation, ornamented with beaded bands in dark blue. A charming creation from Cauet Soeurs, Paris

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